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THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

# harry

Vol. 1

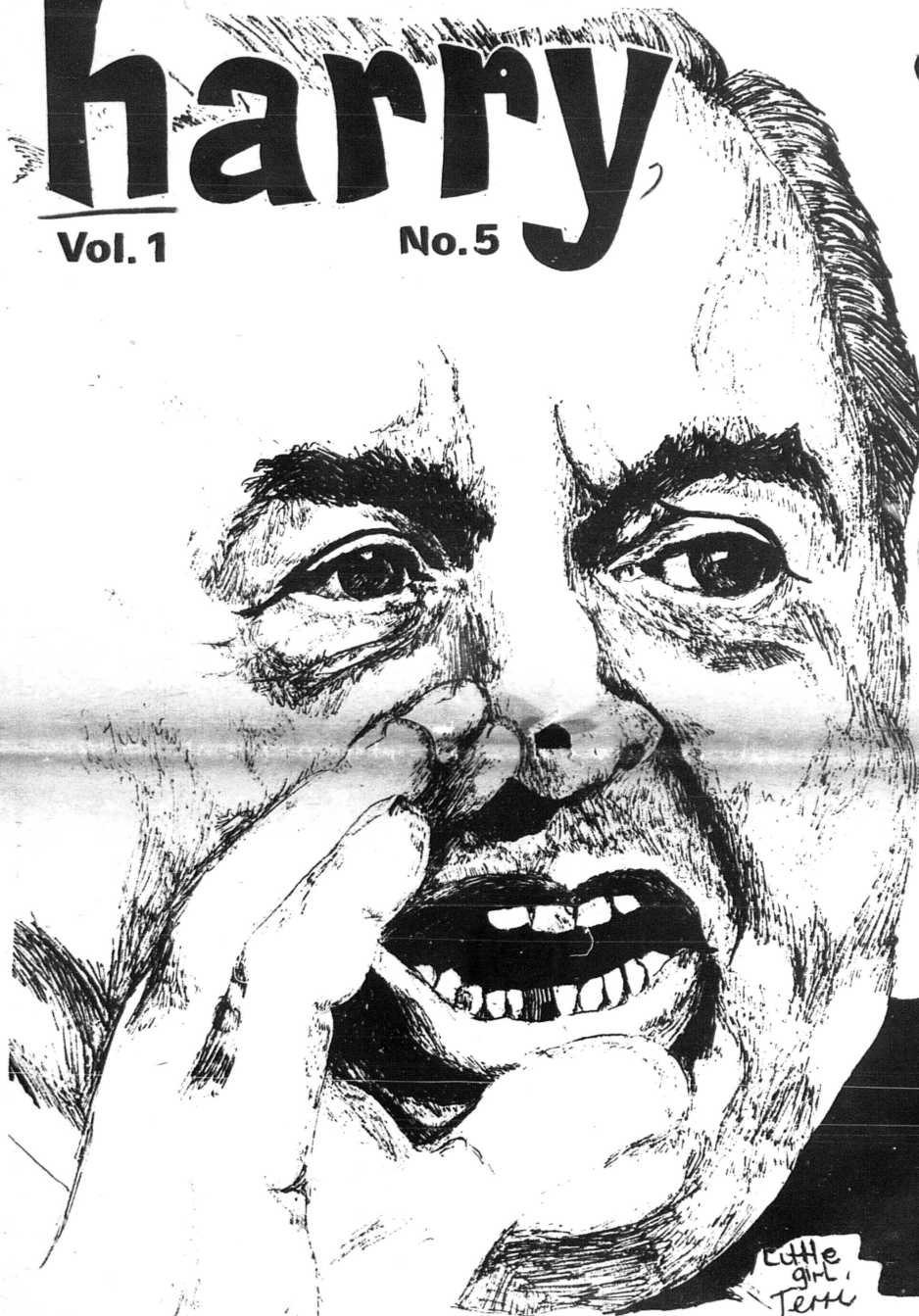
No. 5

COMPLETE  
LOCAL  
AND  
NATIONAL  
NEWS...

...PLUS ALL  
THE



USUAL  
MIND ROT!!!



MR. KUNSTLER: Mayor Daley,  
on the 28th of August, 1968, did  
you say to Senator Ribicoff--  
MR. FORAN: Oh, Your Honor, I  
object--

# LETTERS

Dear HARRY,

Welcome to Baltimore! I just got back from the West Coast last week and a friend gave me number 3 HARRY. I was delighted - at last a literate, intelligent underground paper! Congratulations, keep it up!

I saw a few people at the Johnny Winter concert with copies of HARRY, but I was too stoned to know what was happening. As soon as I get a job, I'm going to get me a subscription.

I missed the Stones gig here, but I caught their free concert (along with Santana, the Airplane and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young) in San Francisco on Dec. 7. It would have been Woodstock all over again if Hell's Angels hadn't screwed it up. I wish I'd been at the Civic Center just to see the cops dancing (they were bad news at the Johnny Winter concert)! Keep 'em happy and maybe they'll leave us alone.

By the way, HARRY is a great name for a newspaper. It's personal. I mean, it's a groove to say, 'I really dig HARRY', but it sounds kind of silly to say, 'I really dig the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.'

Upward and onward, HARRY!

Peace,  
Kathy Norvell

(Ed. Mostly upward!)

Dear HARRY:

The old society that we are stepping over is built on a foundation not unlike a house of cards. A foundation of lies, half-truths, hypocrisy, and prejudice cannot be considered very sturdy, nor can a house of cards be considered strong and everlasting. To this main structure patios, balconies and sunroofs have been added constructed out of the web of false illusions of immortality spawned by the desire for material wealth and the power to control the lives of others. All that is necessary for the house (?) to come crashing down is a hearty gust of wind. WE are the WIND!

Thank you for a very together voice to fill that void. Some of my friends even like you better than the Sun.

TONY

Dear HARRY

Thank you for living in Baltimore. It's nice having a paper that is both locally informative and literary. Please continue.

AW

(Ed. Oh, yea?)

To HARRY:

A letter to two unknown sisters:

The other night I picked up you children of God on St. Paul St. at about 1:30 in the morning. It was cold, and I always pick up brothers and sisters (horray for me, give me a 21 gun salute, put my picture in the newspaper, tell my mommy I'm a good boy, but don't sell out to Uncle Dick.)

If one of you dear people "found" my wallet please send back the cards, papers, and other shit. Fuck the money, use it for a nickel or give it to the movement. All I want is the above mentioned shit.

Thank you,

A Reader of HARRY

Dear HARRY;

*Yesterday, you could play the game,  
Untouched, unhurt, free from shame.  
Oblivious to the clouds which form  
Dark and heavy about to storm.  
The rules of the game are not defin'd,  
Would be far too easy, and much to  
kin-.*

*You play one wav and find you're  
wrong,  
But no stopping now, just move along.  
You try so hard, you hurt inside  
Your reward: rejection, stripped of  
pride,  
One hope, one light to ease the pain,  
You'll wake up soon, to break the  
chain.*

L.S.D.

Let the  
Feds



Do the  
Walking"

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—diz

Just send \$4.00 to HARRY, 233 E. 25th St. Baltimore, Md. 21218, along with name, address, city, state, zip & boxtop. and get great stuff back!

Dear Readers,

For the duration of the current strike by the Web Pressmen's union against the daily newspapers, we will come out weekly instead of every two weeks.

We will also feature news of the straight world, depressing as that may be, along with the regular freaky stuff.

This does not mean we are going establish-ment. It just means we see an opportunity to turn on a lot more people.

Hey! All of you out-of-work reporters! You can keep in practice by writing for us. We can't give you any money because we aint got any, but we can give you love, and that's all you really need.

Love,

harry



## F B I Chief Cites Value of Newspaper Carrier Training

In a message to newspaper carriers, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of Federal Bureau of Investigations says,—

"All Americans should be truly grateful to our newspaperboys for their contribution to our society.

Good citizenship in a democracy requires painstaking preparation on the part of our youth. Our young people, if they are to fulfill their future obligations to our society, must be willing to be of service to the community. They must learn to always respect the rights and the property of others. Honesty, a sense of fair play and industriousness are necessary traits for those who would become useful citizens.



J. Edgar Hoover



# BIAFRA COLLAPSE

Biafra has fallen. Federal Nigerian troops have captured Owerri, the Biafran provisional capital, and have destroyed Uli airstrip, last Biafran link to the outside world. Biafra's leader, General Odumegwu Ojukwu, has fled the country.

Amid fears of mass killings of Biafra's Ibo tribesmen, Federal Nigerian officials, led by General Yakubu Gowon, promised a general amnesty and said the Ibos "should rest assured they have nothing to be afraid of in rejoining their brothers in the federation." President Nixon's press secretary, Ronald Zeigler, told the press that Mr. Nixon has moved to strengthen the international observer force in Nigeria in an effort to reduce the danger of mass slaughter.

Perhaps an even greater danger now is mass starvation. The six million people of Biafra have been kept alive by packages of milk, grain, and fish flown in through Uli. The Biafrans have been on subsistence diets (at best) and, according to James MacCracken, executive director of Church World Services, "Several million people there can't withstand a two day break in food. Their survival is that close and they're just going to die." President Nixon reportedly ordered eight C-10 cargo planes on ready alert to help in distributing food.

Meanwhile, four million homeless Biafrans

ran refugees were a pitiful sight on the roads of the newly captured territory. Observers report large numbers of children suffering from Kwashiorkor, a protein deficiency disease which is usually fatal. There were reports too of women lying by the roads giving birth unattended.

Biafra's short life began on May 30, 1967, when she declared her independence from Nigeria. At that time she had a population of 14 million who were noted as being among the most technically and culturally advanced in Africa. The tragic war which accompanied her existence nearly from her inception has cost about two million lives, largely from starvation.

In London, the government of Prime Minister Harold Wilson was reported to feel "vindicated" by the Nigerian triumph. Britain has been the principal supplier of arms to the Lagos government, and has acquiesced in the tactics of starvation and indiscriminate bombing of civilians employed by the Nigerians. Before the secession, London would point to her former colony as a showcase of democracy in black Africa.

Food relief for the Biafrans has come through perilous air shipments by private pilots. About half of the aid came from private and government sources in the United States.

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## The Case of Koch

by Dave Eberhardt

All sides stand waiting at this point of the dispute at Essex Community College in Baltimore County over the renewed request by the Board of Trustees for the resignation of the president, Dr. Moses S. Koch (pronounced "coke"). Much is rumored but little is known about the reasons for the board's decision. Russ Shaffer of the student paper, the *Montage*, suggests that the "disagreements" mentioned by board member T.B. Williams fall along liberal-conservative lines — that President Koch has actually consulted the students rather than being the dictator the board would like him to be. Professor Steven Howard confirmed Schaffer's speculation, citing an example of Koch-board relations from last fall. Students worked on assurances from police naves that there would be no on-campus drug busts like those at Catonsville Community College. The board found out and set forth their policy that police be allowed to make such arrests if accompanied by a school administrator. President Koch supported the students in their earlier arrangement. Professor Howard felt this a typical example — but, until charges are spelled out, everyone, Koch included, is in the dark. Ethel Berney, a member of the board, told HARRY that the board has "lost confidence in Koch, not as an educator but as an administrator, and that charges are being withheld in deference to President Koch."

As in so many of these bureaucratic affairs of older persons, the behind the scenes reasons remain "No Comment" material (like Johnson's Vietnam moves.) be it ego games or petty money deals, it is information withheld those who have the most interest — the Essex students. If President Koch takes this to the courts he will have the students' full support, along with faculty and staff (who have all issued statements of support), and the Essex community as well.



## BIG BUST

Word has reached HARRY from several reliable sources that major dope busts are about to begin in the greater Baltimore/Washington area. New and special agents (with dogs) have been shipped into this area from all over the United States and will begin busting during the period January 15 — April 15.

These busts are different from the previous big busts in that they are directed principally at the occasional dope smoker (or more frequent smoker) in the privacy of his or her own home. The busts will provide a testing ground for the new "no-knock" law...an "enter on suspicion of drug abuse." John Doe warrant type of thing. If it works here, it will be put into widespread practice throughout the rest of the country.

Apparently the Federal Government, not satisfied with busting dealers, is taking it upon itself to attempt to stamp out man's age old grass smoking right by terrifying the individual smoker...which boils down to terrifying the public at large.

Better safe than sorry dept.: If you haven't got a lot of time to waste fighting these busts in the courtroom, get rid of everything in your stash (the best way you know how) and then vacuum up the ashes before the 15th. Of course, this won't eliminate the possibility of their planting dope on your person, or in your crib, but at least you'll know they didn't get any of your own.

## Kopechne Still Some Doubt

by Abner Miggie

Edgartown, Mass. — This small town in Massachusetts again relapsed into off-season doldrums as the crowd of reporters and cameramen departed. The county seat of Dukes County has been the site of the inquest into the drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne, who lost her life nearly six months ago, when the car in which she was riding plunged from a narrow bridge on Chappaquiddick Island into a tidal inlet. The driver of the car was Senator Edward M. Kennedy, and the events that followed are among the most mysterious ever involving a major political figure. After two hours of testimony by Kennedy, it was not apparent that any new information had been added to the record.

When the hearing ended on Thursday afternoon, after 26 other witnesses had been called, District Judge James A. Boyle began his study of 765 pages of testimony. Chances that District Attorney Edmund Dinis would seek criminal action against Senator Kennedy appeared to diminish. Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena, who investigated the accident last July, announced that he had found no evidence of negligence. Despite this apparent exoneration, local townspeople remained, by and large, disbelievers in Senator Kennedy's story. It seems likely, even given a full clearance from guilt through these legal channels, that Senator Kennedy will remain haunted by this spectre of doubt.

## FREE WORLD

Pyeongyang (LNS) — Kim Chil Lok, editor of a South Korean underground newspaper, was sentenced to death Sept. 23, along with three other members of an anti-imperialist political group.

Kim Chil Lok's magazine, "Blood of Youth," circulated clandestinely in South Korea. The publication and the rebels' political organization, the South Korean Revolutionary Unity Party, demands the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Korea and the unification of the nation. Kim Chil Lok's uncle, Kim Zong, was executed by hanging in a South Korean military prison last July 10, according to Prensa Latina, the Cuban agency.

The death penalty was meted out by the Supreme Court of the military regime which controls South Korea. Testimony was provided by agents of the CIA, who testified that Kim Chil Lok "Wanted to overthrow the government of South Korea."

South Koreans who oppose the dictatorship in their country and who want to kick out the U.S. occupation troops have been specially active recently. Thousands of university students have taken to the streets to protest the plans of dictator Chung Hee Park, who wants to stay in office although the constitution says he can't.

## MISSISSIPPI

by David Eberhardt

On October 29, 1969, the Supreme Court cut the phrasing "all deliberate speed" from their compliance order and ordered 30 Mississippi school districts to integrate without further appeals, law suits, or delays. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has been helping with the technicalities of zoning and bussing problems in the districts. But since the order, certain of the districts have been playing the same old musical chairs to keep white kids away from integration particularly in areas where the majority of the population is black.

At this mid-point of school reopening, 80% of the expected students have gotten together, and as the integration proceeds smoothly enough the racists will have increasing difficulty maintaining separation. The private schools they have set up will be hard pressed for funds despite possibilities of state approved loopholes for donations. HEW in Washington may try for legislation forbidding such state aid. Also, whites may tire of the inferior education under home-made teachers, with books stolen from public schools or donated, in box-like rooms of composition board like the ones hastily set up in Canton, Miss. If they cannot afford the private school tuition, resistant whites may tire of the only other

alternative — keeping the kids home. (Mississippi has no compulsory attendance law.) Whites know that it is they, ironically, who have kept inferior the Negro schools into which some of them would be integrated. In towns like Yazoo City where only 19% of the whites stayed away and where most people hope to "progress economically and culturally" according to businessman Norman Mott, Jr., the racists will be left behind. Says Charles Evers, the Negro mayor of Fayette, "If the white kids don't want to go to school with us, let them grow up ignorant — like we did."

Money will write the final story and blacks plan to boycott white businessmen that support the private schools. It is interesting that, in their final losing agonies, the racists have reached out for leftist protest tactics. Three hundred parents sat in at Petal, Miss. (by the Leaf River) writing the draft resistance slogan, "Hell No, We Won't Go" on the blackboard. A few have picketed. They have set up their own unfreedom schools. The alternative or private schools and urgings by segregationist governor John Bell Williams to "avoid damage to school property and other violence" may have prevented the nightriding violence protest more typical of Mississippi past (bodies floating down the Leaf.) Or maybe it's the cold weather.

# DALEY TESTIFIES

Richard J. Daley — called as a witness on behalf of the defendants having been first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, is it possible to conduct this direct examination without having twenty marshals standing right behind me? We haven't had that for other witnesses.

THE COURT: I leave the matter of security, Mr. Kunstler, to the United States Marshal. I find him to be a very competent man.

MR. KUNSTLER: I see eleven at the back door, your Honor, and at least six, seven in the rest of the room. I would just like the record to note that.

## DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. KUNSTLER:

Q. What is your name?

A. Richard Joseph Daley.

Q. What is your occupation?

A. I am the Mayor of the City of Chicago.

Q. How long have you had that job?

A. Since April of 1955.

MR. DELLINGER: We can't hear him.

MR. FORAN: May we ask your Honor to ask the witness to raise his voice a little? It is a large room and it is hard to hear.

THE COURT: Mr. Mayor, you have heard the United States Attorney. If you will raise your voice a little bit —

MR. KUNSTLER: Now, Mayor Daley, how many executive departments do you have in the City of Chicago?

A. Approximately 35.

Q. By whom are they headed? I don't mean names but I mean official titles.

A. Cabinet officers appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by the City Council.

Q. How are they removed?

A. They are removed only by cause and also by trial before the Police Board. The Superintendent —

Q. Have you ever had occasion to remove the head of any executive department yourself?

MR. FORAN: Objection, your Honor.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: Have you ever had occasion to remove a superintendent of police?

MR. FORAN: Objection, your Honor.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: Mayor Daley, who appoints the Police Board?

A. The Mayor of the City of Chicago.

Q. And the Mayor of the City of Chicago also appoints upon their recommendation the Police Superintendent, is that correct?

A. That is right.

Q. With the other departments, does the Mayor also appoint —

A. Yes.

Q. With reference to — with specific reference, Mayor Daley, to the Superintendent of Police, what is his name?

A. James Conlisk.

Q. He was appointed when?

A. When O.W. Wilson resigned as Superintendent of Police in August 1967.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, could you direct the witness to speak up a little louder?

THE COURT: Perhaps you can raise your voice, Mr. Witness.

MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, while you are directing, will you also direct the defendants to stop speaking aloud? The reason why we can't hear the Mayor is because they are speaking louder than he is. (Schultz is hissed by the spectators.)

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, if Mr. Schultz —

THE COURT: I request the defendants not to raise their voices.

MR. KUNSTLER: Was Supt. Conlisk recommended by the Police Board?

MR. FORAN: I object to this. Now it is immaterial.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. FORAN: Let's get to the Democratic Convention if we are going to get there.

Q. Mayor Daley, is there a Department of Streets and Sanitation?

A. Yes, there is in every city in the United States.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I would move that the remark of the Mayor as to every city in the United States be stricken and he be ordered to —

THE COURT: Yes, those words may go out and the jury may disregard them.

Q. What are the responsibilities of Streets and Sanitation?

A. To clean refuse in the alleys, to clean the streets...

(Mayor Daley then gives a long speech about garbage, in which he mentions the auxiliary duties of the Department as issuing parade permits.)

Q. They do then issue parade permits, isn't that correct?

A. A committee composed of the Police Department and representatives of the Street Department.

Q. What is the title of the person who is the chief officer?

A. Commissioner of Streets and Sanitation.

Q. Is he appointed by you?

A. Yes, he is.

Q. What is the title of the person who is the chief officer of the Park District?

A. The General Superintendent.

Q. He is not appointed by you, is he?

A. No. He is appointed by the Commission.

Q. Who appoints the commission?

A. The Mayor of the City of Chicago.

Q. Now who was the Chairman of the Park Commission in 1968?

A. The President was William McFetridge.

Q. Is this the same William McFetridge who announced your first candidacy for Mayor in 1954?

MR. FORAN: Objection, your Honor.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: What is your relationship, if any, with President McFetridge?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I object. Let's get to the Democratic Convention. That is what we are here for.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: Is it not true, Mayor Daley, that Mr. McFetridge once said 'the parks were not for dissenters'?

MR. FORAN: I object.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: Mayor Daley, what was your relationship with Judge Lynch?

MR. FORAN: I object to that.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, the questions are so clearly improper. I feel, your Honor, that they are being asked to purposely generate objections from the government.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, nothing could be further from the truth. Judge Lynch decided not to issue a permit.

Q. Mayor Daley, what is your relationship with Thomas Foran, the U.S. Attorney who is in this courtroom today?

A. I think he is one of the greatest attorneys in this country and the finest man I have met in private and public life.

(Loud hissing and booing in the courtroom.)

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I would ask that that answer be stricken as not responsive to my question. My question was to his relationship and then he gave a speech as to how great a man Mr. Foran was.

THE COURT: I would like to have that said about me, but I agree with you that it is not responsive.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, something is happening in the rear row. I don't know what it is.

THE COURT: Will you let the marshals take care of the rear row.

MR. KUNSTLER: Yes, but I am conscious of the atmosphere in the courtroom and I would like to know...

THE COURT: Well, the atmosphere is very orderly except for something that is happening back there and I am sure the marshals can take care of it.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I don't know what is happening. I just don't like to conduct an examination —

THE COURT: If you don't know, then don't talk about it.

MR. KUNSTLER: I would like your Honor to find out about it. Apparently a marshal is going after somebody.

A SPECTATOR: The marshals are interrupting the trial.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, something is happening in the back row. A marshal is going down —

VOICE: The disorder is being created by the marshals.

VOICE: The marshals are interrupting the trial.

(A female staff member is dragged out by the marshals.)

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, something is happening in the back row. A marshal is going down — two marshals are

going down.

VOICE: Ouch. Ow, don't step on me, please.

(The marshals start dragging out a male staff member, and another female staff member. They are both later arrested.)

VOICES: He isn't doing anything. She didn't do anything.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, that is one of our staff people. I don't understand — I would like the court to inquire.

THE COURT: Regardless of who the person is, if the person has been disorderly the marshal must ask the person to leave.

VOICE: I'm not going outside.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, may we have the jury excused so they may not be —

THE COURT: yes. The jury is excused with my usual order.

(The jury is quickly rushed out.)

VOICES: What's going on? Leave him alone. Hey, leave him alone. Leave him alone. Crying out loud. Leave her alone. (The words "shouts and screams" appear in the transcript.)

VOICES: Hey, stop that. Stop it. Leave them alone.

(Shouts and screams.)

VOICES: You're hitting Frank in the face. Leave him alone. Leave him alone. (Shouts and screams.)

VOICES: Just leave him alone. You're still hitting him. Leave him alone.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, we are entitled to an explanation of what happened back there.

VOICE: Just stay right there.

MR. KUNSTLER: The defendants request to know what happened.

THE COURT: The Marshals will explain at an appropriate time. I have confidence in the Chief Marshal of this court, and they are under oath to preserve the dignity...

VOICE: I wasn't doing anything except —

THE CLERK: Please be seated.

THE MARSHAL: Be seated, please.

MR. KUNSTLER: We have information, your Honor, that some of the people doing the removing are not marshals, but employees of the City of Chicago, and we have a man standing there with his coat on who is obviously not a marshal. We would like to know who he is.

MR. WEINER: He is the one who was hitting Frank.

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you tell that defendant there to sit down.

THE MARSHAL: Sit down, sir.

VOICE: Which one? They're all standing.

THE COURT: And tell them to be quiet.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, if the Chicago police officers, employees of the City of Chicago, are removing people in the Federal courtroom, then I think there has been a crime committed, and that is interference with the orderly administration —

THE COURT: When we need you for your advice, we will get it.

MR. KUNSTLER: I have an obligation to bring it to the Court's attention and to request — we had a man punched in the face, and I think there ought to be some interrogation here before we go forward.

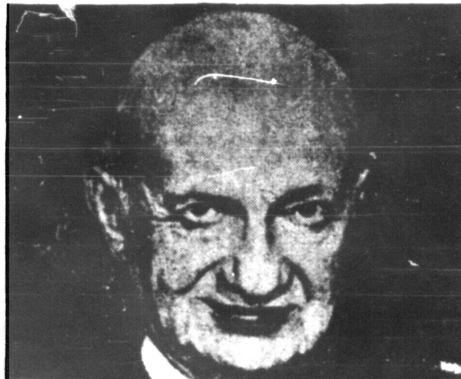
THE COURT: I will hear no further from you, Mr. Kunstler. Mr. Marshal, please bring in the jury.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, we are entitled to a public trial in a public courthouse.

THE COURT: Yes, they are getting it.

MR. KUNSTLER: Untrammelled by marshals' removal...

THE COURT: They are getting it.



MR. FORAN: Your Honor, for three and a half months, the Government and your Honor has sat here being insulted from that spectator section. There has never been a commentary favorable to the Government from that spectator's section, and his position is outrageous. (Laughter from the spectator section, and the marshals begin to drag a female staff member out by one wrist. Mayor Daley is sitting impassively through all this.)

MR. KUNSTLER: We have asked for your Honor to conduct an inquiry. Nothing could be fairer than that. I am not asking you to believe —

VOICES: Hey, hey. For crying out loud. Come on, will you. For Christ's sake.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, that is the defendant Davis going back there, running the spectator section of the courtroom. (Shouts and screams.)

VOICES: Leave them alone.  
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, a remark was made by Mr. Foran that Mr. Davis was back there running things in the spectator section.

THE COURT: Well, Mr. Davis was back there in the spectator —

MR. KUNSTLER: Not in the spectator section.

THE COURT: The place for Mr. Davis is at the defendants' table and in his chair.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, if they are removing our staff one after the other and removing other people...

THE COURT: The Court directs the spectators to be orderly. If any spectator is not orderly, he will be appropriately dealt with by the Court. Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal. You may continue with the direct examination of this witness.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I just wanted to request, if the person in the front is a marshal, the person in the brown suit — because we understand he is not. Since some of our people have been beaten up, I would like to know who that man is.

MR. FORAN: Oh, your Honor...

MR. DELLINGER: It's true.

MR. FORAN: I object to the comment of Mr. Kunstler, your Honor. That's outrageous. I ask the jury to be directed to disregard his comments.

THE COURT: Yes, I do direct the jury...

MR. FORAN: Stop this foolishness.

THE COURT: To disregard that statement of Mr. Kunstler, and —

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor is not he will show his badge as a marshal, we will have no problems. We are not asking the impossible.

THE COURT: I don't know who he is. I don't know most of the marshals.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor is not going to ask for the production of the badge?

THE COURT: No, no, no, no.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, it's our information this is a personal bodyguard of the witness, and I think that your Honor ought to, because this is a federal courtroom —

THE COURT: Will you please proceed, sir, with the direct examination of the witness. Otherwise I will direct him to leave the witness stand.

MR. KUNSTLER: Mayor Daley, do you hold a position in the Cook County Democratic Committee?

A. I surely do, and am I very proud of it. I am leader of my party.

Q. What was that?

A. I surely do, and I am very proud of it. I am the leader —

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I would like to strike from that answer anything about being very, very proud of it. I only asked whether he has a position in the Cook County Democratic Party.

THE COURT: I will let the words "I surely do" stand. The words after those

may go out and the jury may disregard the expression of the witness that he is very proud of his position.

MR. KUNSTLER: Now, Mayor Daley, on April 15 did you not order your Police Department to shoot to kill and to shoot to maim black people in the City of Chicago?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I object to the question.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: Were you asked a question by a reporter on April 15th whether you were going to remove Superintendent Conlisk because he had been too lenient?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I object to that leading and suggestive question of the grossest type.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: I call your attention, Mayor Daley, to the week of August 18, 1968. Did you attend any session of the Democratic Convention?

A. I did.

Q. Mayor Daley, on the 28th of August, 1968, did you say to Senator Ribicoff —

MR. FORAN: Oh, your Honor, I object.

MR. KUNSTLER: (Continuing) — "Fuck you, you Jew son-of-a-bitch, you lousy mother-fucker, go home!"

MR. FORAN: Listen to that, I object to that kind of conduct in a courtroom. Of all of the improper, foolish questions, typical, your Honor, of making up questions that have nothing to do with the lawsuit.

MR. KUNSTLER: That is not a made-up question, your Honor. We can prove

MR. FORAN: Oh, they can? That is so improper. I ask that counsel be admonished, your Honor.

MR. KUNSTLER: I have the source, your Honor, and I will be glad to read it into the record.

MR. FORAN: Yes the source — some body, some name.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. KUNSTLER: Mayor Daley, do you remember that Senator Ribicoff prior to the remark I attempt to attribute to you stated that if we had McGovern, we wouldn't have the gestapo on the streets of Chicago?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I object to this.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection. (Kunstler asks a total of 90 questions to the mayor, almost all of which are objected to by the government and sustained by the judge)

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, the defendants make the following offer of proof:

In view of the court's ruling refusing to declare Mayor Daley a hostile witness, defendants are unable to cross examine him adequately.

Had the Mayor been designated a hostile witness, the defendants would have offered proof through his testimony to show the following:

1. That there was a conspiracy, overt or tacit, between Mayor Daley and the Democratic Administration of Lyndon B. Johnson to prevent or crush any significant demonstrations against war, poverty, imperialism, and racism, and in support of alternative cultures at the 1968 Democratic National Convention.

2. That the members of this conspiracy planned and executed the use of every means at their disposal, including calculated official inertia in the processing of potential demonstrators, in order to deter their participation in the Democratic National Convention, the psychological indoctrination of the public and the distrust of the anticipated demonstrators by police and other military forces, and the employment of savage, brutal, and

inhuman tactics to intimidate, deter, or prevent the exercise by the people of their most fundamental constitutional rights, all in order to prevent or crush such public exhibition of dissatisfaction with American domestic and foreign policies.

3. That in so doing the conspirators were determined to continue the fraudulent myth that the people of the United States had a real voice in their government and that they would have a significant choice in the national election of 1968 between candidates supporting virtually identical policies of war, imperialism, racism, and the continued degradation and exploitation and oppression of youth ethnic, socio-economic, racial, and other minorities.

4. That Mayor Daley obtained and maintains in power in Chicago by the creation and maintenance of a corrupt political machine which is supported by those individuals and corporations standing to gain the most by a continuation of present American domestic and foreign policies.

5. That this political machine by its control or influence over national, state, and local legislatures, the judiciary, and executive offices at every level of government, is determined, whatever the cost, to, through democratic and representative government, prevent the exploration, determination, and effectuation of meaningful solutions to the awesome problems presently facing the people of the United States and those of the rest of the world.

6. That the conspirators, in order to continue and even accelerate their oppressive and inhuman policies, have embarked on a program of intense and brutal repression against all those who are seeking such solution, including but not limited to individuals and organizations committed to the end of the war in South Vietnam and the immediate and unconstitutional withdrawal of American troops therefrom, the right of individuals to refuse to fight in unjust wars, the right of black people and other racial, ethnic, or socio-economic minorities to control their own communities, the right of rebellion against oppression, an end to poverty and economic exploitation and the bed rock right of all people to adopt a new way or style of life in order to seek and find political, economic, and social values worthy of their support.

7. That in furtherance of this conspiracy, Mayor Daley, among other things (a) on April 15, 1968, ordered his police to respond to the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., with orders to shoot to maim or cripple looters in the black community.

(b) Attempted first to obstruct the peace parade of the Chicago Peace Council on April 27, 1968, and then brutalized the marchers therein as a warning to peace demonstrators to stay away from the Democratic National Convention.

(c) Attempted first to obstruct the demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention in August on 1968 and then harassed, victimized and brutalized the participants therein, and

(d) Attempted to mislead the people of Chicago and the United States as to the nature and cause of such obstructive

and brutal tactics.

8. That in furtherance of this conspiracy, Mayor Daley utilized the services of members of his political machine, including those of Thomas Foran, the United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Illinois and a former Assistant Corporation Counsel for the City of Chicago.

9. That the indictment in this case was procured as a result of said conspiracy in order to:

(a) shift the deserved blame for the disorders surrounding the Democratic Convention from the real conspirators some of them to deliberately selected individuals symbolizing various categories and degrees of dissent from American foreign and domestic policies.

(b) punish those individuals for their role in leading and articulating such dissents, and

(c) deter others from supporting or expressing such dissent in the future.

10. That the indictments of eight Chicago policemen simultaneously with the present one were deliberately planned and procured to match the charges against the defendants and thus give the fraudulent illusion that an even handed standard of justice was being applied.

11. That Mayor Daley and his administrators have for years victimized the Black community in the City of Chicago by means which include chronic police violence, economic oppression, and the abuse of federal and state programs.

12. That Mayor Daley and his administration have for years harassed, intimidated, and terrorized young people in the City of Chicago who have adopted and maintained life styles of which he disapproves, including the wearing of long hair and unconventional clothing.

13. That Mayor Daley maintains power in Chicago by a combination of:

(a) political patronage

(b) furthering the interests of the city's financial and mercantile communities and

(c) oppression of racial, ethnic, socio-economic, and other minorities.

14. That behind the Mayor are powerful corporate interests who determine broad public policy in Chicago but are responsible to no elected or public body.

These interests govern Chicago for self-serving private gains instead of social needs. Urban renewal works to enrich these private interests and against poor and working people who are robbed of their homes. No public programs effectively halt the polluting of our air and water by these powerful interests. No action by city government is taken against the practicing racism of Chicago's Board of Realtors and other private housing interests.

This is our offer of proof. This is what we would have hoped to have proved had we been able to have the Mayor declared as we think he ought to be, a hostile witness and thus give us the ability to ask leading questions.

THE COURT: The objection of the government to the so-called offer of proof of the defendants will be sustained.





## Pinkville: Fun in the Sun

by CLAUSEWITZ MAHAN  
HARRY Military Correspondent

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8 — A 21-year-old sergeant and a 22-year-old private have become the Army's most recent scapegoats in the Songmy Massacre Farce, an elaborate production staged to cover up the actions (intended or otherwise) of some high-ranking Army brass.

The two newest additions to the cast of this farce are Private Gerald Anthony Smith of Ft. Riley, Kans. and Sergeant Charles E. Hutto, an infantry training instructor at Ft. Lewis, Wash. Smith is alleged to have committed "premeditated murder and indecent assault on a Vietnamese female." Hutto is charged with committing premeditated murder, rape, and assault with intent to commit murder. Both Smith and Hutto supposedly committed the actions March 16, 1968 in the village of Songmy, South Vietnam.

The two soldiers join 1st Lieutenant William L. Calley Jr. of Ft. Benning, Ga.

and Staff Sergeant David Mitchell of Ft. Hood, Texas, as scapegoats in the case, which stems from the alleged massacre of March 16, 1968.

The New York Times, main daily establishment rag, expressed "surprise" that the rape and indecent assault charges were included in the indictment. "None of the eyewitnesses reports that have so far been made public," wonders the Times, "have included any suggestion of offenses beyond the allegations of excessive violence and killing at Songmy."

One aspect of the Songmy case which is not surprising at all is that none of the high-ranking lifers that ordered Calley's platoon into the village has been charged. Nor have any of the napalm-dropping pilots who have probably destroyed as many as a thousand Songmys.

That's because their actions were "official," and were carried out with the blessing of the government.

It seems killing is wrong only if you don't ask permission.



"Dammit, Senator, ah could understand all this hullabaloo if it was people my boys shot up. But hell, them was only Gooks!"

## POWER OF THE PRESSMEN

by Jean-Jacques Flint

The strike by the pressmen that shut down the Baltimore daily newspapers early in January is not apt to cost the managements much money in the short run—even as the seven-week strike by the Newspaper Guild in 1965 didn't cost the Baltimore Sunpapers much money in the short run. The managements of most large U.S. newspapers keep strike "insurance"—or it may be a pool contributed to by many newspaper managements who pay for losses incurred by individual members of a pool during a strike. The details of the arrangement are not known outside of inner management circles. The papers, it is certain, do not lose any serious amount of money during a strike. If they did, newspaper strikes wouldn't last so long.

Newspaper strikes would be rarer, too, if a purely competitive market situation prevailed among the big dailies. In Baltimore, the Washington dailies could clean up in street sales and advertising if they moved in aggressively when the local Baltimore dailies were shut down by strikes. The Washington dailies have reporters and ad salesmen and circulation facilities available to do that. But they don't. There is an agreement between the managements of most big dailies that advantage will not be taken of a management that is shut down by the unions.

Newspapers do lose circulation and prestige during strikes, though, and it's not certain that they ever recover completely. The Sunpapers' circulation has declined and declined since the 1965 strike—which may or may not have been responsible: the Sunpapers' circulation had been declining for some years previously. It's fair comment to say that Sunpapers' prestige has also declined since 1965—but neither management nor union members (who produce the Sunpapers, after all) will admit that. With a few exceptions—the New York Times, the Washington Post—all U.S. newspapers have suffered a decline in prestige. Magazines and television have absorbed a lot of journalistic status.

Do union members suffer when on strike? Yes. They receive small strike "benefit" payments from their unions—but such payments are close to starvation level, usually. In many unions, too, money earned by members on the side during a strike that affects them is deducted from their benefit payments. In the long run, wage and fringe benefit

increases won by newspaper union strikes have more than made up for wage losses incurred during strikes by employees. In the short run, it's tough.

An odd aspect of the strike this year by the Web Pressmen (the workers who run the printing presses) is this: most of the pressmen, members of a long-established A.F.L. craft union, walked across the picket lines thrown up at the Sunpapers in 1965 by the Newspaper Guild, a younger C.I.O. industrial union that includes a broad range of members, from editorial writers to janitors. The News-Paper Guild, which is more ideological, has, by and large, refrained from "scabbing" on the Pressmen.

The "power of unions" denounced regularly by conservatives is largely a myth in the newspaper industry. The newspaper Guild members ran a daily strike paper, the "Baltimore Banner," during the 1965 strike. But they quickly learned that most of the major advertisers in Baltimore desperate as they were to advertise—were afraid to offend the Sunpapers by running ads in the Banner.

The "solidarity of labor" that theoretically prevails among member unions of the combined A.F.L.-C.I.O. is also shaky. During the 1965 Sunpapers strike, "scabs" who crossed the C.I.O. Guild's picket lines included the bulk of the members of the A.F.L. Pressmen and, for a time, the bulk of the A.F.L. Printers (the International Typographers Union)—as well as numerous members of the A.F.L. Mailers and Stereotypers unions. They said they had contracts with management, which had to be honored despite the Guild strike. Until the Printers finally decided that crossing the Guild picket line was "dangerous," the Sunpapers kept publishing—with management supervisors and scab labor, despite the fact that the non-affiliated Teamsters truck drivers stay out. The Printers finally closed the papers in 1965, but after about a month, the Printers' international officials ordered them to honor their contract and cross the lines—which they did, with considerable complaint from some members about a "sell out." The Sunpapers were in fact publishing again for a week or so before a settlement was reached with the Newspaper Guild. The settlement, however, was considered very good at the time for the employees—the best, in

fact, ever made in Baltimore newspaper circles.

Baltimore newspaper strike path was blazed by white-collar workers that were once sneered at by "real union men" in the craft unions. About 90% of the Sunpapers employees under Guild jurisdiction stayed out for the seven weeks.

Department heads as well as assistant city editors and higher editors were not under Guild jurisdiction—and such supervisors dutifully crossed the massive Guild picket lines during the strike. But a few employees, including several celebrated Sunpapers "names," scabbed throughout the period—notably Richard Q. Yardley and Tom Flannery, the cartoonists; Bill Burton, the outdoors writer; Helen D. Bentley, the maritime editor (now chairman of the U.S. Maritime Board); Ralph Reppert, the comic writer, and Bradford Jacobs, political columnist (now editor of the Evening Sun.)

The present strike by the Pressmen suggests that now that the craft unions have been shown the way by the Guild, the Sunpapers (and the News-American) are in for continuing labor strife. The strike is the most effective bargaining tool the unions have. It is foolish to expect them to refrain from using it forever.



## Panther Railroaded

SAN FRANCISCO[TRIBE/UPS] — Last week, Black Panther Chief of Staff David Hilliard was given the maximum sentence — six months in jail and a \$500 fine — after he was convicted of possessing a loaded weapon in public.

It was the first conviction of any kind for Hilliard, yet Judge Mario Barsotti found fit to give him the maximum. This is virtually unheard of for a first offender, unless he is a Black Panther, of course.

First offenders convicted of misdemeanors usually get suspended sentences or probation. Asked what he thought of the sentence, Hilliard replied, "Courts aren't places where they dispense justice any more. They're more like railroad stations."

## RAW Power

NEW YORK[LNS] — Right A Wrong is perhaps the first corporation in the history of capitalism to dedicate itself exclusively to the legalization and (eventual) sale of marijuana.

As one of the representatives of RAW states, "Everyone smokes in New York. Go to any party at a penthouse and they'll offer you a joint. Off the record, I can tell you that Senator Javits and his wife turn on." He also told about a party he went to where fifteen assistant DAs from Queens were smoking hash and weed.

RAW is based on the hope that the legalization of marijuana will come before the end of the Nixon administration. According to a "heavy Wall Street person," the subject has already come up at a White House cabinet meeting, and the Nixon folks weren't too uptight about Right A Wrong — they were just afraid it might be "taken over by left wing radicals."

## Postage Due

Did you know that the U.S. Post Office Department is required to deliver ALL mail to the addressee if the return address is omitted, even if there is no stamp on the envelope? You can even draw your own stamp, or use your old stamp collection, or Christmas Seals, or anything! And whoever gets the letter is charged six cents postage due! This is really an outsize way to pay your bills, if you're into that trip. And if you have a bank account, send those deposits (or any old thing) first class express, collect. Even if they dun your account, it costs them money for administrative expenses.



## Bluenoses Strike

### Store Owner Sees Red

Bluenoses strike, Store owner sees red  
by LEN BRADFORD

On the second of December, Charles E. Moylan, Jr., state's attorney and 18th century politician, led more than 30 courageous policemen and state prosecutors in raids on 7 book stores and a magazine warehouse. Undaunted, Moylan and his task force braved acres of naked bosoms and bare fannies to arrest 13 people, bookstore owners and clerks, on charges of possessing "obscene" material, and to seize \$20,000 worth of this alleged "obscene" material. Truckloads of "evidence" were taken to Police Headquarters for the enjoyment and edification of the Vice Squad.

Busted were five bookstores on the "Block," one in the 1800 block of North Charles Street, and Ira's Discount Books in the 3200 block of Greenmount Ave. Bail for those arrested was set at \$1,000 each. Warrants were obtained from the prolific Judge Joseph L. Carter.

Ira Adler, whose store contains, besides girle magazines, used paperbacks (including textbooks and novels), back date magazines, and underground newspapers has since asked for an injunction in Federal Court to prevent further raids by Moylan. When interviewed, Mr. Adler pointed out that Moylan had seized material almost at random, including movie magazines which are sold nearly everywhere. He also said that Moylan had confiscated many items earlier last year which were never returned, though the case against him was finally dropped after nearly a half dozen postponements. Mr. Adler saw this as financial harassment, since the confiscated material represents a large investment on his part.

The allegation, 40-pages long, states that the material seized is not obscene under recent Federal Court rulings. Mr. Adler asserts that he has never sold "action" material (involving actual depictions of intercourse) in his store, which is unusual for Baltimore. He is also seeking \$100,000 in damages from Moylan and Donald D. Pomerleau, the city police commissioner.

Of no small interest is the fact that a number of the police involved in the raids are members of the Narcotics Squad. How comforting to know that we are being protected from doity pictures as well as evil dope. Actually, speculation has it that this is Moylan's idea of furthering his political chances with the good citizens of Baltimore! Carry Nation and Anthony Comstock more over!

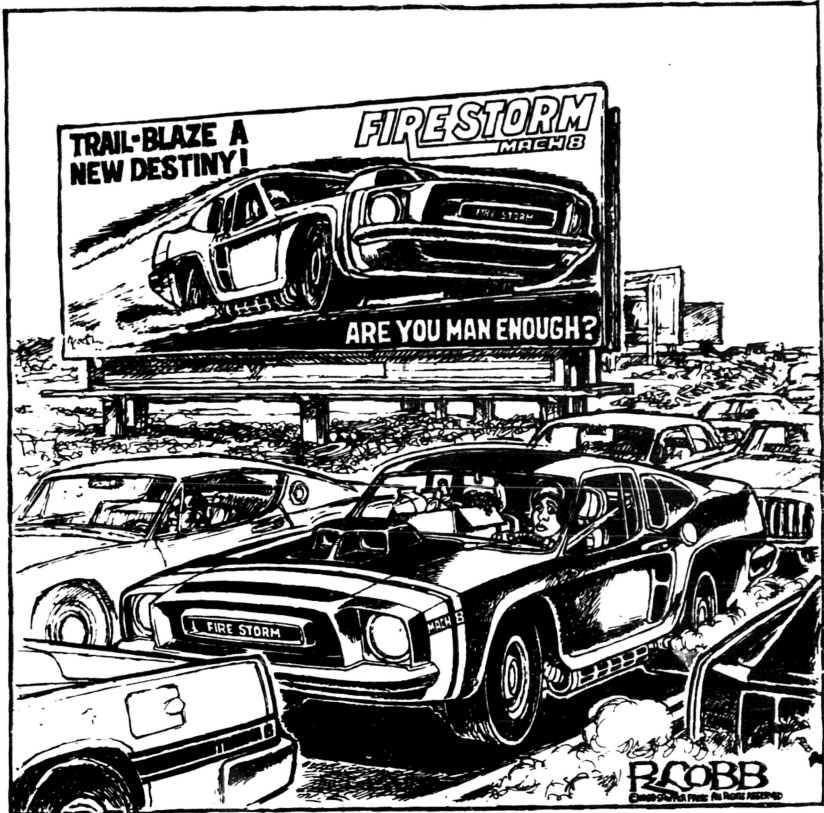
### Write a Letter,

### Go to Jail

Repression in South Korea:  
Write a Letter, Go to Jail

Pyeongang, North Korea (LNS) - In South Korea, it's a crime to write a letter to someone in the North. Five South Koreans were jailed recently for doing just that. The South Korean government said that by writing to relatives in the People's Democratic Republic of Korea (North Korea), the five South Koreans were violating the "anti-Communist law."

The five people arrested for their letter-writing were inhabitants of Seoul, the South Korean capital, according to a report by the Korean Central News Agency.



## SEE THE JUDGMENT DAY IN YOUR CHEVROLET

by GLEN EHASZ

Over 500,000 people have died violent deaths in the United States during this closing decade; all are a direct result of U.S. Capitalism. Where are the mass demonstrations to protest this slaughter?

When comparing this number to the 40,000 U.S. citizens who have wasted their lives in Vietnam one can see the gravity of the situation. These half a million people do not include the thousands who have died as a result of pollution, only those who have died on or near our capitalist-promoted highways and roads.

You could say that the people who died in Vietnam had no choice in this because they were drafted. True, but do we really have a choice in this other grave matter? Can we live only on our block? We must at least cross the street even if we walk. And we aren't safe even in our own homes as hundreds of people have been hit by automobiles in their living rooms and bedrooms.

What really causes these violent deaths? U.S. Capitalism in its most disgusting form! Automobile manufacturers, oil companies, construction firms, and the politicians who are run by these people.

Half-assed "safety campaigns" have been spearheaded by people such as Ralph Nader, but these are only programs to make people think that their govern-

ment is protecting them. It is not! What is really needed is a total revolutionary approach to the entire matter of transportation. First let us look at the method used by U.S. Capitalists to get rich off of our blood on the highways.

Madison Avenue pigs show us that we can only make it in this world, even sexually, if we drive a 400-plus HP car. A full sized car with 150 HP will travel at 100 M.P.H., but that isn't fast enough if you want to make it big with the girls.

The auto manufacturers seem to profit by taking advantage of our feelings of inadequacy. A car is not only transportation, but a part of the personality. And usually a large part. U.S. cars are made to last three years, but our image suffers in less time than that.

The conspiracy against the people goes on to include the pig oil companies. After all, a 400 HP monster burns a hell of a lot more gas than a V.W. Not only that, but we shouldn't even be using gas in the first place. What ever happened to Chrysler's turbine and hundreds of other designs?

The primary cause of the deaths however is that fact that 98% of the drivers in the U.S. don't know how to drive properly and wouldn't if they knew how. Again this is a direct result of U.S. Capitalism. State legislatures and the courts are all controlled by the same pig industrialists. It is a snap to get a driver's license. What

would happen if we first had to actually learn the traffic laws? About half the people driving today would experience great difficulty. (Not the intelligent readers of HARRY.) What would happen if the courts took away more licenses for convictions based on violations which could cause accidents? More people would either stop driving or drive correctly. What would happen if the traffic cops would stop wasting time with violations such as speeding 5 MPH over the limit? Speeding doesn't cause accidents, although it makes them worse when another violation causes them? What would happen?

We would have one hell of a small number of drivers, that's what. Then the oil companies would lose greatly, auto manufacturers would and so would construction firms. But also, the people would rise up and demand adequate mass transportation systems. We have the designs for them. If we had good mass transit, even the few drivers left would begin using the system because it would be so much better and cheaper. Good-bye General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Shell, Humble and other pig industrialists. A mass transit system could be built with the amount of money now spent in 3 or 4 years on cars, gas and highways. The mass system would last for over twenty-five years thus hitting the capitalists for about 22 years profit from our blood.

## State's Attorneys Jive at Convention

BALTIMORE, Jan. 10 - The Maryland State's Attorneys Association today went on record as favoring the nonpartisan election of local prosecutors. Prince Georges State's Attorney Arthur A. Marshall, Jr. president of the association, stated that "we have not been elected to represent

the police, the Chamber of Commerce, or any special interest groups." Marshall himself is currently in hot water with many of his fellow Democrats for his office's prosecution of public officials and police officers. Every time, the defendant was either acquitted or had the

indictment overturned.

In the association's dosing meeting, a proposal to reduce the penalty for possession of marijuana was tabled, but the association did pass a resolution recommending that the possession of any dangerous drugs, particularly LSD, be made a felony.

## Park at Your Own Risk

Berkeley, California (LNS) — Suddenly there was a call that a company from Orange County had leased the parking lot on the land that had once been People's Park. The lot was about to open and the police were casing the area to see what the young people who built and faced shotguns for that park would do.

The University of California which stole the land of People's Park last year by force of arms has tried to get someone to use it for a long time. But the land is hallowed by the blood of James Rector and the street people and no one would touch it with a ten-foot pole.

The architects for proposed new dormitories refused to submit designs. In October, when part of the land was made into intramural playing fields for the fraternities, the Inter-Fraternity Council voted to boycott the fields for their intramural games, and the fields lay dormant.

The University paved over the park land and offered a parking lot concession to a black community called NOW, which is financed by the Berkeley Economic Opportunity Council, as a way of making

phait. A group of street people approached them. The parking lot entrepreneurs looked uptight, began fidgeting with the lapels of their expensive business suits.

"Why did you do it?" queried one of the street people.

"The University needs money," replied Chaves with a perfectly straight face.

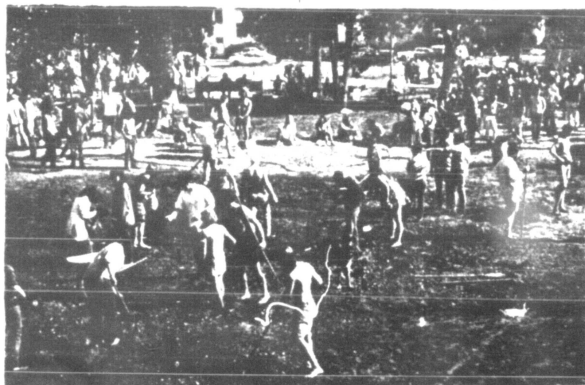
"We don't like parking lots on cemeteries," someone said. "Don't you know a man died over this lot? You'll never make any money here. You should get out now. This is heavy property, you'll get ulcers if you decide to stay here."

"The University misrepresented the case to you." Someone else suggested, "We can get you lawyers if you want to sue." Somebody handed Chaves a copy of the People's Park photo book.

"But we didn't build the fence. We aren't responsible," protested John Cramer of Parking Company of America. "This has nothing to do with the Park."

"You'll find other ways to get your kicks off," sarcastically interjected Chaves.

"Kicks!" came back the furious reply. "I was here when the shooting broke out. I gave first aid to three people who were



Peoples' Park, April, 1969

money for the black community. Not easily taken in, the black group angrily denounced the attempt and called the 116 stall parking lot the University had erected "a desecration to the memory of a beautiful struggle."

In early December part of the lot was designated as space for dormitory students to park. But on one parked there.

Then the Parking Company of America, a huge Orange County based firm, became the new "owner" of the lot by offering the highest bid. But when they tried to open it up Dec. 30, they were greeted by more than 100 pickets from the Berkeley community. Signs reading "Resist and Create" were accompanied by others more directly to the point: "Park at Your Own Risk"

The number of picketers grew.

"We agreed to pay the University \$800 a month for the lease" complained company vice-president Francisco (Frank) J. Chaves, as he stood gloomily next to the only car — his own — on the newly paved asphalt. "I tell you, we need the business."

Asked if he knew the history of the Park land and the reason for the picketing, he admitted, "Yeah, I read about the trouble they had here," adding, "But the University told us we wouldn't have to pay them if we couldn't get this thing operating." (So the University was thinking ahead, eh?) "Anyway," he reassured himself out loud, "they're only a few. They'll get tired in a few days. They're not sincere. People need a place to park."

The first day of Orange County's Parking Company of America enterprise dragged on and no car entered the lot. Chaves stood with his Bay Area manager, Paul Vigil (no fooling, that's his name) and another employee named John Cramer, three isolated figures on the empty as-

shot up and badly wounded."

A police car which had been cruising around the area approached. All day "community relations officers" — the new euphemism for undercover cops — had been watching and taking photos. Now several police cars drove into the lot to come to the rescue of America Parking. Harry Brizee, Telegraph Avenue's chief cop ("he knows how to get along with hippies") assured the businessmen: "You don't have to be badgered by these people."

"Get out of here," yelled Chaves, as if on signal, "if you don't want to park. LEAVE. We don't have to listen to your loudmouthing. This property doesn't belong to you."

The street people went back to picketing at the gate. Chaves and his men stood uncomfortably next to a big, brightly-lettered sign reading, "Pay Meter. Violators Will Be Towed Away." A half-dozen new bumper stickers plastered over the sign proclaimed, "Park At Your Own Risk."

Chaves declared that anyone who actually blocked a car from entering would be arrested. And one man did get arrested later in the day for allegedly locking the parking lot gate. The cops had to come with wire cutters to cut Parking Company of America loose.

At night, only the police were there to collect any possible parking fees.

In the next few days a small handful of cars — mostly those of local businessmen — entered the lot. People stayed away. On the third day some unknown person ripped off the antennas, mirrors, and other outside ornaments of the few cars that dared to desecrate People's Park land. That land, people say, is determined to be a memorial to James Rector and all those who worked and suffered there.

## JOLLY HAS THE DOWNS

It's hard to understand the drug scene nowadays — the vibes of today have more in common with the scene in Baltimore six years ago than they do with the situation here last year or the year before. Maybe not even that good. In 1963, street people (that was before the word "hippie" had been coined, remember?) were formed into the same cliques that have become today's style, and paranoia was just as widespread, if not more so — yet back then acid was on sugar cubes and was for real, and dealing was a fun ego-game and not big business.

Things look less hopeful to me now. Disaster and murder at Altamont, numerous personal tragedies among us, increasing unconcern for cruelty in our government, busts and more busts — too many heavies without even the solace of pure drugs for an aid to the contem-

spect us to be straight — and therefore, constantly feel the need to advertise the fact that we're not. This game of "I'm Hip Too" is unnecessary and can get you into a lot of trouble. Drugs are supposed to increase self-awareness, and the ability to be aware of how others think. It's with the latter that we most often fail. Try straight Aunt Zelda's head on for size, and dig yourself through her eyes. She thinks too, believe it or not, and, while she's probably not the paragon of brilliance and wit that you no doubt think you are, she's really probably no more all wrong than you are always right. Now, ask yourself, how cool do you look to her, not how cool do you seem in comparison with the most spaced out cat you can find.

2. Avoid the accidental bust: This includes smoking in public, forgetting



plation of what lies ahead.

One thing that might lie ahead, or might not, is the rumored "Big Bust." The story goes like this: the Government, despite successful busts of hundreds of dealers, as can be expected, being unable to stop the flow of drugs. Now the next step is to make wholesale busts of users, to put the fear of God into the community. Despite the fact that Nixon has mentioned such campaigns as possible solutions to the "drug problem," this "Big Bust" story may be as much horseshit as many of the others have proven to be. However, an ounce of prevention is a good trip. So for those who might be interested, here are some tips on avoiding narcs:

1. Don't be obivous. So many of us seem to live in terror that someone might

where you left your dope, roaches, pipes, and dope lying about the house; tapping all about dope and being stoned, etc., loudly in public (you would not believe what I've overheard); being obnoxious to neighbors (this includes loud parties), or a cop who stops you for some other reason. Be together — there's every reason for it.

3. Notorious Norbert The Nark. He's the cat about whom you say after it's too late — "How was I to know? He had long hair and talked like everybody else! I got very good vibes from him, and after all, he was the friend of a friend's friend. ... I just can't understand it." Do you? This rap would be funny, if I hadn't heard it so many times for real. Narcs are trained to manipulate your own stereotypes. Don't assume too much.



# CLOSE THE GAP? SHEEET!

People talk about the issues of life style, and there is an automatic feeling in most of us for what they mean. "Yeah, that has to do with dope, rock and roll, sex, etc." I'd like to talk in fairly specific terms, about what I mean by issues of life style. I'll set up two poles around which constellations of modes of action tend to group: call one pole "creative," the other "repressive." These poles are not descriptive, they are normative. An attempt to carry the psychological logic of either position to its implicit extreme, the most repressive side toward its most repressive, the creative side towards its most creative.

## ORGANIZATION

### Repressive: Top Down

People get together, they immediately split into ranks, with some head honcho at the top to give orders. When they're stuck with a problem, they call in an expert.

### Creative: Bottom Up

People get together, anybody wants to play leader, he gets shit on. They run into a problem, they figure out what to do about it. MODEL: One delegate, strictly mandated, sent out for dope.

## ROLES

### Repressive: Fragmented

A mask for every occasion: parent, lover, employee, boss, friend. People who slip from assigned or expected roles make other people uncomfortable and uptight. Rigid role definitions: girls don't climb trees, the boss doesn't sit on the floor in his office, a twenty-five-year-old shouldn't enjoy the company of a fifteen-year-old. Fragmented types have continuous "identity crises" (I don't know who I am) but continue to define people in terms of what they are to others (housewife, boss.)

### Creative: Integrated

A mask only when necessary (in the presence of hostile or possibly hostile people such as cops), but awareness that the mask is a con. A refusal to play roles

or social games. Same behavior with a state senator as with a bowery bum. People defined by what they are, as people, right now

## THINKING

### Repressive: Linear

A group of people gets together and each brings with him nine tons of impedi- menta of past cause and effect. X is the son of so and so, went to Harvard, now is working at such and such, engaged to whatshername. If they are intellectual people, they are always putting things into a "historical perspective."

Art forms play intellectual games, cross-references to other art games, front-brain fillups and curtiquest, details are important; you can't overlook the placement of a comma. Work is judged "good" or "bad" by the level of performance, i.e., the perfection of the style. Art is the possession of the specialist. The rest of us enjoy it as spectators.

### Creative: Synchronistic

A group of people gets together and nobody gives a shit what anybody else has been. What are you now, man? Nobody gives a shit where your money comes from or what you plan to "do with your life." What is interesting is that this particular group of people is together in this particular place at this particular time.

Art forms play emotional-physical-sensory games. Details are unimportant; the general effect of the whole is what counts. Many things going on at once; it is unnecessary to follow the details of any one thing. Things often put together as an "environmental background" (e.g., TV, conversation. Work is judged "good" or "bad" by the intensity of the trip. No distinction between performer and spectator, art is something that happens with people all the time.

## SEX

### Repressive: Sado-Masochistic

Mrs. X hates her husband. She hates him because she hates being a woman.

She hates being a woman because, the way sex roles are defined by our glorious Western civilization, a woman is a pretty lousy thing to have to be. If she is old-fashioned, she gets even with her husband by not wanting to fuck very much; if she's new fashioned, she lets him know in a million little ways that he's not man enough to make her come. Mr. X isn't interested in sex, he's interested in rape, a device to prove to himself over and over again that he's not really a powerless little boy. In his fantasies (which scare the shit out of him) he's either an axe murderer or the axe murderer's victim. Mr. and Mrs. don't see their kids as people but as tools to be used in the continuing war against each other. Their kids will be fucked up.

### Creative: Androgynous

When you see John and Mary coming down the street, it might take you a long time to figure out which is the boy, which is the girl. They wear each other's clothes. When things have to get done, they don't give a shit about what is "women's work." When they go to bed, John reacts to Mary as a person, not to stockings, high heels, or eye shadow. Mary doesn't have to be punished before she can come. When one of them wants to fuck somebody else, that's cool and nobody gets uptight. Sometimes they take a whole horde of friends to bed with them. Nobody fucks because of an obligation to do so or prove something. As long as they don't manipulate or use people, other's sexual trips are regarded as pretty much unimportant: "Yeah, man, he's a drag queen. That's his thing." John and Mary aren't perfect; when John comes on with heavy masculine bullshit, Mary lets him have it right between the eyes. John and Mary see their children as people (not as property or game objects.) Their kids will be even freer, less "masculine" or "feminine" and more human than they are.

## DRUGS

### Repressive: Alcohol

A man drinks booze. It comes down on his central nervous system like a dump

truck load of mud. Things dull out. Anesthesia. He drinks because he's unhappy. He doesn't know why he's unhappy, but he knows his life is boring and stupid. If anybody asks, he says, "That's the way things are." If he's working class, he sometimes tries to relive his boyhood (time of dreams and good health) by getting in a fight in a bar. If he's middleclass, he just drives his car into a tree.

### Creative: Grass

A man gets together with his friends and smokes dope. He gets into his own head and his friend's head. He sees the social games that are going down, laughs at them, puts them in the perspective of stars, trees, grass, dogs, and cats. Fantasies, repressed odds and ends of his childhood, debris of the inner life drift by for examination. Free form associations. He gets a good night's sleep. When he wakes up in the morning, he hasn't got a hang-over.

## COMMUNICATION

### Repressive: Explosive (center-margin)

Things come together in centers. The word comes out from the Center. The big wigs fly in to New York for a conference.

### Creative: Implosive (tribe)

The word gets out in all directions at once. (Underground papers, the grapevine of wanderers: "Heard what's going down in Berkeley, man?") No centers. No leaders. A sense of general community. ("Christ, man, I was home a while back, and there were freaks everywhere!") Meetings are accidental

## VALUE

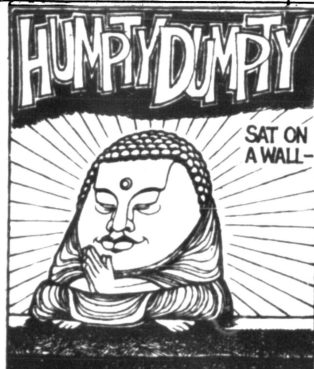
### Repressive

The most important thing is property.

### Creative

The most important trip is people.

reprinted from the Chicago Seed



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## You Can't Always Get What You Want

by: MICHAEL CARLINE

It was supposed to have been WOODSTOCK WEST.

It wasn't.

The free Rolling Stones concert at Altamont Raceway in Livermore, Calif. near San Francisco, featured 'Santana', the 'Flying Burrito Brothers', the 'Jefferson Airplane', and 'Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young', in addition to the Stones. And drew over 300,000 people. It was organized by Stones' manager Sam Cutler with assistance from Grateful Dead manager, Rock Scully and San Francisco digger Emmet Grogan. They offered the Hell's Angels \$500 worth of beer to act as 'Security'.

The Angels could teach the Chicago police a thing or two. Those who challenged the Angels by attempting to climb on the stage, messing with Angel bikes, shouting insults, or behaving or appearing in a manner which offended the Angels' sensibilities were brutally beaten. It was an afternoon in which a number of spectators had their skulls cracked by Angels armed with pool cues. Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane was knocked unconscious when he came to the aid of a spectator. The afternoon was climaxed by the knife murder of Meredith Hunter, an 18-year-old spectator who was reportedly carrying a gun.

There are two principal schools of thought among those who attempt to place the blame for the violence. One holds the Angels responsible. The other feels that the Angels acted as Angels are wont to act and as they are known to act, and therefore the blame should fall on the Stones and their festival organizers. This latter group considers the Angels as police dogs let loose by their handlers.

It is easy, in hindsight to place blame; but the decision to employ the Angels is not without successful precedent. The Angels did an excellent job at previous San Francisco happenings, including the famous 1967 BE-IN. The English Hell's Angels served at the massive concert in Hyde Park after Brian Jones' death. Of

course, the English Angels are quite a different breed than the California variety, but Sam Cutler and the Stones didn't really understand that. Whether Cutler and the festival organizers can be excused for inviting the Angels is debatable. Likewise, the failure to provide adequate rest room facilities can be charged off to lack of time or incompetence rather than maliciousness. But other reported behavior reeks of inhumanity.

The chairman of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, a volunteer group who worked in the medical tents, was quoted in ROLLING STONE's lengthy report on the festival as saying that the promoters were "morally irresponsible." He said that telephone communications and helicopters were not provided as promised. The Stones' representatives even refused to turn on the backstage lights before the Stones' performance, despite the fact that dozens of people lay injured in the backstage medical area. Apparently a dramatic entrance by the Stones was more important than people's lives.

The disaster consisted primarily of Hell's Angels' brutalities, but there was more than that that asked. Why wasn't it like Woodstock?

First, the composition of the crowd was subtly different, particularly in front where the bad vibes were concentrated. (Since true hippies are always late, they were mostly in the back.) Sandy Dargatzidis of the San Francisco GOOD TIMES describes them as "young people, hairy... not hippies... the wind-breaker-wearing set."

Second, people came with inflated expectations. We MADE Woodstock. They expected it to be handed to them ready made.

Third, there was too great a focus upon the stage and the super star Stones. Woodstock was a FESTIVAL, a creature of the life culture. Altamont was a CONCERT, a relic of the death culture.

Finally, there was the planning, which we tend to ignore when we look back on Woodstock, but the organization at Bethel, New York, was like a fire-watch

compared to the mess at Altamont.

This last factor is reflected in the different handling of "security" at the two events. At Woodstock, there was a 20-foot-high stage protected by specially selected (i.e., sympathetic) off-duty policemen. At Altamont there was an eye-level stage defended by ruthless thugs (Angels). Security is, unfortunately, necessary. There is always some nut who will try to run up on stage and grab the microphone or attack a performer. (One person hit Mick Jagger as he approached the stage.) In addition to the mentally

aberrant, such problems are presented by those freaking out on impure acid and drunks. (Drinking was much more prevalent at Altamont than at Woodstock—further evidence of the difference in the composition of the crowd.)

The established media didn't understand Woodstock until after it was over and they had been chastised for their myopia. This time they were ready for the Woodstock miracle. The reports came out of 20 mile traffic jams 4 births at the festival, and "good vibes". There were no real traffic jams, there were no recorded births, and good vibrations (at least near the stage) were few and far between.

While it would be premature to sound the death knell of the mass concert-type festival, in the aftermath of Altamont the future has become uncertain. David Crosby is quoted in ROLLING STONE to the effect that neither his group nor the Airplane or the Dead will be willing to participate in such events in the future. Hopefully, the result will not be abandonment of would-be Woodstocks, but a move toward more advanced concepts, like multiple stages and the elimination of hype based on the promotion of super groups. More time (rather than a one day thing) also seems to be a positive factor. Some of the more advanced concepts are now being considered by a group including the 'Hog Farm' and the 'Pranksters'.

Personally, I'm just glad I couldn't scrape together the money for a plane ticket to California.

## Take JAS

The state of Oregon is into a sort of home-bred "what's happening?" these days because the people are just ever so slightly upset about the fact that the U.S. government is planning to bring all kinds of nerve gas into the state for storage. The reason is quite simple, the government has given Okinawa back to the Japanese and the Japanese really don't want to hear about this wicked old nerve gas on their property.

The government agrees that the U.S. should immediately remove all of the nerve gas...the trouble is that the nerve gas is being moved to the peaceful North western state of Oregon and the residents of Oregon don't really take kindly to the idea of having all this nerve gas stored in their collective back yard. After all, the official government statement maintains that the combined total quantity of nerve gas brought in from Okinawa plus the total already at the Oregon base is enough to, if properly applied, eliminate about 8 billion people.

The people of the town near which the vicious gas is to be stored, however, feel—almost to a man—that the gas is part of the U.S. defense effort and, as such, is welcome in their community... no matter what the danger.

## DR. LOVE STRANGE

The program of the 1970 annual meeting of the American Physical Society in Chicago includes the delivery of a paper on January 26, entitled: "I Pledge That I Will Not Participate In War Research Or Weapons Production; I Further Pledge To Counsel My Students and Urge My Colleagues To Do The Same." This statement will be delivered by Charles Schwartz of the University of California, at Berkeley. Arguments and supporting data will be presented to demonstrate that this pledge represents a realistic and constructive way in which an american physicist today can serve the cause of world peace.

## WHAT EVER HAPPENED?

Governor Dempsey shocked the state politics in Connecticut this week when he suddenly retired from public life this past week. The governor had been expected to seek re-election or to go after the seat of U.S. Senator Thomas Dodd, (D-Conn.).

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# ST. BUREAUCRACY VS. THE RED DRAGON

Bob Cadwalader is the proprietor of the Crack of Dawn Folk Centre & Coffee House at 100-A West 25th St. Before opening at this location about a year ago, he operated the old Crack of Dawn Folk Centre & Coffee House on West 22 St... the final delination of the Fog Horn and the Blue Dog, for years the only places for regular folk music entertainment in the Baltimore area. Now, Cadwalader (or "Reds," as he is most often called) is trying to open a new and larger place in a long vacant 2nd floor one-time theatre at 225 West 25th St... but he's running into trouble.

The trouble is bureaucratic run-around. But, since Reds is a veteran, has never been busted, pays his bills as promptly as possible, and has always run a "clean" place, the big question is WHY???

For more than two months, Reds has been working on his Red Dragon (as the new coffee house is called): scrapping, sawing, painting, hammering, sweating, having part of the wiring redone, improving the sanitary facilities, and installing a new sound/lighting system. In short, he (with the full consent of the landlord) spent more than one-sixth of a year repairing and refurbishing a ramshackle wreck into an attractive and comfortable coffee house in which people of all ages could come together, expand their cultural horizons, and enjoy the quiet, unamplified music that is their own rich folk legacy. However, this was not to be the case — which became apparent when the building inspector said he liked the place and then the fire inspector said that he wouldn't grant permission for the Red Dragon to open because some oil storage tanks were within a distance of 50 feet of the premises (further examination and a tape measure subsequently indicated that the tanks were considerably farther away from the premises.) Since that time, Cadwalader has been unable to open The Red Dragon (which will also house the editor-

ial offices of *Folk Forum Magazine*) because he hasn't been successful in getting the proper inspectors to come back and approve the rooms.

Once again, the question is WHY???

A representative of Ackers Rugs (the downstairs tenant) is reported to have said that he "doesn't want a place like that bringing an undesirable element into the neighborhood." First of all, this business isn't open late at night, and therefore wouldn't be bothered by students, professional people, and folk musicians between the hours of 8pm and 1 or 2am. Secondly, the streets are already populated with real undesirable (if, in fact, such people exist) like muggers, thugs, gamblers, and drunks.

Perhaps the "WHY???" comes from a different quarter. Could it be that pressure is being applied at City Hall?

Representatives of a group known as the Community Action Agency visited the premises, and as Cadwalader says: "... offered to get me off the lease, to get me out of my lease on the place, just like it was a favor or something. They tell me that they want to use the place as a school... anyway they just walked in and acted like they owned the place."

While fighting his battle to keep folk music alive in the Baltimore area, Reds has pretty much run out of money... perhaps this is what the people opposed to the opening of The Red Dragon are counting on...

In any event, local performers (who need the club to make a little money and to perfect their acts) have banded together along with other concerned parties and have proposed a benefit concert to be held in the Great Hall of St. David's Episcopal Church at Roland Ave. & Oakdale Rd., at 8:30pm, Jan. 24th. Proceeds will go toward sustaining the Red Dragon (and its proprietor) through this bureaucratic siege. Interested performers should contact Black River Productions at (301) 234-6553.

## FINANCIAL NEWS

### DO YOU MR. JONES — DIGEST

Zig Zag Papers	UP 13 points
Baggie Products	UP 10 points
American Barbers Inc.	DOWN 20 points
Jestor Inc.	UP 3 points
Richard Nixon	A DOWN any way you look at it
Sun Papers	DOWN a whole lot of points
Skippy Co.	UP 8 points
Abbie Hoffman	UP
Julius Hoffman	DOWN
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.	Who cares?
HARRY	UP, UP and away!!!

## IAN & SYLVIA

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## Park Plaza: Go-Go Gone

Jan. 8th marked the passing of a latter-day Baltimore landmark, The Park Plaza... along with the Schoolcity and Tom Foolery. In a four-hour hearing at City Hall the liquor board suspended the club's liquor license "indefinitely" as a result of a determination that the operating control of the Park Plaza company was not solely in the hands of those listed on the liquor license. Other factors involved in the decision to suspend the license included: the financial instability (if not virtual bankruptcy) of the company and the company's abject confusion on the managerial level.

There was a Federal tax lien of approximately \$30,000 against the club and especially in recent months, there had been rumored allegations that the control of the club was connected with the underworld (not under any circumstances to be misconstrued as "underground.")

In suspending the license, the liquor board noted that control of the Park Plaza company was not at all in the hands of its president, Edward Hanrahan, but that control of management apparently rested with Anthony Iononi, the club's cigarette vending concessioner, and the brother of Vincent Iononi (who was convicted on gambling charges several years ago in the Baltimore courts.) The Iononi interests include involvement with other clubs, like the Chanticleer and the Carousel.

During the hearing concerning the company's Class B beer and wine license, the board (comprised of James L. McCully, Edward B. Rybczynski, Joseph R. Strickland, and Joseph Van Collom, Jr.)

asked Hanrahan who, in his opinion, was in control of the company now, his reply was, "I haven't the faintest idea." When asked who he thought was the owner of the liquor license, Hanrahan replied: "I was under the impression that the license was owned by the Park Plaza Company under a security agreement with Park Plaza Associates."

Noting that he had tendered his resignation to the Park Plaza Company due to disagreement with company management policies (he was at one point locked out of his office and chopped the door down with an axe), Hanrahan said, "I was president of the company with authority I couldn't verify." With regard to the rampant confusion as to management and responsibility within the company, the board asked Hanrahan why he got involved with it in the first place. His answer was, "I was a creditor of Park Plaza Company two years ago... That's how I got into it."

Soon after taking over the company, Hanrahan brought in a David W. Price as vice president who was, and still is, president and general manager of Gwynn Oak Amusement Park which he lists as his principal occupation). As originally set up, Hanrahan was to "meet and greet" the customers and take care of management duties while Price was to take care of the books and accounting. Hanrahan then brought J.T. Crum into the business to handle the actual operation of the food and drink end of the clubs. Iononi later came into the operation with approximately \$15,000 in financial aid, for which he was to share in the profits and have some managerial control.

## SPORTS SCOREBOARD

### For sports fans:

This is Mickey Hunt coming to you live from HARRY Stadium high above beautiful Baltimore with the latest scores. First, on the international scene:

Panama Red — 4 hits, no outs, and 2 left on.

Acapulco Gold — 1 hit, 5 outs, and everybody left on.

Vietnamese Green — 2 hits, no outs, and too many left on.

Manhattan Silver — 3½ joints, no outs, and nobody turned on.

In that big World Series game between the South Vietnamese "Peasants" and the North Vietnamese "Guerillas" it seems they're still having trouble with a third team, the U.S. "Hawks." The "Hawks" showed up early in the game apparently unaware they were in the wrong stadium, but decided to play anyway. The score on that game — the Guerillas have lost 60-732 while the Hawks have lost 40,348 of their own players plus a half a million or so Peasants and Spectators. More details on that game in the Evening Edition.

### Other local scores:

Black Panthers — 4

Blue Meanie Pigs — 2

Border Guards — 5000 kilos

Smugglers — 9857 kilos

Conspiracy — 8

Jury — 12

### This week's traffic scores:

General Motors — 322

Ford — 241

and Chrysler Corp. came in 3rd killing only 56 drivers, 4 passengers, 1 poolie and a litter of puppies.

And that about wraps it up from Sports City, so until next time this is your friend mighty Mickey signing off with the words of the immortal JOE NAMATH: "Football sucks, I think I'll hit Broadway!"

The **SPORTS SCOREBOARD** is an extra feature in **HARRY** for all you sports freaks who are put out by the strike?

## THE BLUESETTLE

featuring

MEAT

AUX

GRIN

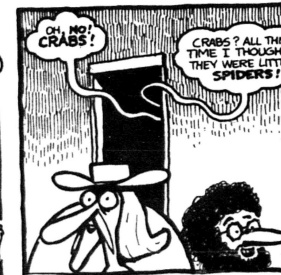
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# Film

by ELLIOT SIRKIN

Even if the movie itself is painless, the material in *John and Mary* is so bad that it could almost be the work of one of those old-time pap magazine lady writers who used to specialize in converting old movie plots into demented little gobs of short fiction. The movie is about a bashful young stud and a girl with a past who come together in a day and find happiness, trading wisecracks and joyful banalities, tritely revealing the very depths of their tender souls to one another along the way. The faceless hero and heroine are surrounded by mobs of Thirties comedy stereo-type exotics — a noisy disreputable smart-talking woman, a gum crackling room-mate, a bitchy mannequin, a world-weary philanderer, some crackpot artists — the whole gang. Of course, the two of them have envitably exciting, creative jobs, go to all the discreetly in-cool places, and just in general have had the most wonderful experiences. And it very suitably takes place in the sort of apartment (in this case, a huge mica cavern with a huge refrigerator) that could only exist in Frank Sinatra's mind, nobody in or near it who's not glowingly well-dressed.

But since it's a contemporary sort of movie, it does break slightly with the form's ghoulish conventions. Not only has the heroine not been a virgin since her first summer at girl scout camp, she also takes birth control pills and doesn't wear a bra. Her married lover is something of a radical — for a New York state senator, at least. The hero, whose mother was an activist, is a big foreign film and classical music freak, and the books lining the shelves of his elephantine living room are all by big name intellectual authors. The couple sleeps together a lot, and everyone talks about being horny and looking for skin and getting knocked-up, using words like whore and smart ass. There are also a few poodle-walking queers on hand, as well as some scenes in a singles bar and a discotheque. And because Dustin Hoffman, the actor in the leading role, also starred in the decade's biggest money-maker, a few scenes suggestive of that movie have been thrown in, too — one where he true some snide comments about his true love, another where he tries to track her down, (but he never looks her family up in any churches, and he doesn't seem to own a sports car.)

Prehistoric junk like this would normally be given very vulgar, loud-mouth handling by whatever hack director tried

to pump it up with enough energy to make sure it fed its audience's glomour starvation. But Peter Yates, who also smoothed over *Bullitt*, has managed to keep the whole tone of things relatively civilized. He can't do much to keep the movie from being its naturally scrawny, tripe-filled self. By pushing almost everything in it into a thankfully minor key, he does stop it from ever becoming gross or hysterical. So the movie's self-control actually makes up most of its small charm — even though some of the director's restraining devices (especially the conscientiously mumbled dialogue and all the blurred-focus photography) do become wearing after a while. But if Yates' way of taming this pale re-run has any really serious defects, he's not completely to blame; the business of cutting the movie into jagged, snippy flash-backs and flash-forwards for no special reason, also the bit with the characters' private thoughts being blared over the sound-track, are built-in stumbling blocks in John Mortimer's rickety screenplay. But the direction still doesn't do much to correct them. As for the screenplay itself, a few of its more noticeably awful aspects — the jarringly out-of-place references to Biafra and Vietnam, the scenes showing the heroine as a girl, the movie's revoltingly cute last few lines — are too hopeless to bother with. But at least there are no songs by Rod McKuen, and hardly anybody has to say groovy. Still, it's hard to say whether that makes up for one-liners that have girls telling boys who have to keep house for themselves, "You'll make some girl a wonderful wife."

But even with lines like that, Mia Farrow is absolutely perfect — shrill as her giggle might sometimes be. Admittedly, she's been rotten in everything she's done before this (in *Rosemary's Baby* she was too dizzy and snitty.) But as charmingly ordinary Mary, she's really very good. Her acting is quiet and self-possessed, likeable without ever turning coy. Not even the feebly bittersweet gush that she has to plough through in the seconds with her married lover, or those *A Man and a Woman* set-ups that have her throwing snow-balls in slow-motion or becoming one-with-nature in the Caribbean, can throw her; she's just sweet and delicate, without ever visibly straining, and sometimes surprisingly funny. Obviously, she's an actress who's better at playing normal people than at weak-witted lapsed Catholics and psychotic Lesbian orphans. She also mashes very comfortably with her co-star and has a softly curving little ass. And although his line readings still come off a little on the lobotomized side, Hoffman is pleasant enough as John. His smile is generous and boyish in the best movie star tradition, and there's always something stable and reassuring about him — his low, bracing chuckle being a very big asset. He and Mia Farrow are plainly very gentle people, and it shows.

"No one of us can know the personal horror of this man's private hell", somebody says of the tortured main character in *The Arrangement*. What's really depressing about the movie is that Elia Kazan, who wrote and directed the whole thing, doesn't seem to know either — or at least doesn't know how to express it so that it makes any sort of artistic sense. Probably, Kazan has actually suffered the same sort of guilt and suicidal agony as his writer-turned-adman hero, but none of that comes out. Brutally enough, the movie is, in every way, the dramatic and visual equivalent to a kinked-up comic book — inept, garish, entirely insensitive, and lousy with the sort of campy metaphysics that could only be picked up at a theatrical cocktail party. It's got every dopey, flashy, incoherent gimmick imaginable in it, from a messily fragmented story-telling structure to ridiculous pop art inserts and tricks with polished surfaces and cockeyed perspectives and images from the past; technically, it represents the triumph of television over decent movie-making. The characterizations are even worse, grotesquely flat, with people in pain complaining about how they're going away into themselves, and people who are supposed to be wise-up and perceptive commenting on how we can't take the way we really are. The minor roles are incredibly badly written, taking sub-adolescent swipes at psychiatry, priests, and family life. And nothing in the fumbling, overwrought action ring true. There's no sign of anything even vaguely resembling subtlety or rhythm, and all the shootings, beatings, screenings, screaming, and break-downs just pile up numbly. Literally all that can be said in the movie's favor is that Faye Dunaway has a little more resonance than usual, Kirk Douglas' face at least hints at his character's misery and pride and one of the scenes has the gloominess of a New York hotel room down pretty well. Otherwise, it's a disaster — a terrible symbol for what failure in the arts can be like.

With all this crap, it's good to have something pleasant to talk about. Random house has just come out with the year's finest movie book, Renata Adler's *A Year in the Dark*. A complete anthology of her writing during her fourteen month work-out as movie reviewer for the *New York Times*, it's a beautiful piece of critical work. Unfortunately, Adler's quick retirement from that job was a bad blow for humane, imaginative film criticism in this country, but she was probably just too smart and too self-respecting to want to spend her whole life in screening rooms, watching movies like *The Killing of Sister George* and *The Green Berets*, surrounded by people like Judith Crist and Rex Reed. Anyway, her book costs eight dollars, but it's worth at least that much — even if she does think that TV commercials are art.

## Spectrum One

"Spectrum One," the new photography show at Maryland Institute's Photoc Gallery opened January 5, 1970. This is the first of a series of group exhibitions designed to show the diversified personalities and images of young photographers. Since photography, like any medium, is neutral, the individual's perspective of reality gives photography its rich spectrum of meaning and images.

"Spectrum One," on exhibit until February 7, 1970, contains the photographs of Sister Linelle La Bonte and Marianne Gellman. The gallery, located in the Library of the Maryland Institute College of Art, is open from 8:30 am to 10:00 pm Monday through Thursday, from 8:30 am to 1:00 pm on Saturday. The gallery will be closed on Sunday.

Sister Linelle LaBonte was born in 1937 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She studied English and Speech at Marquette University in Milwaukee and has been in Religious Life as a member of The School Sisters of Notre Dame, Mequon, Wisconsin Province since August 1959. In 1962 she received a B.A. in Art Education from Mount Mary College in Milwaukee, then went on to do graduate work in drawing and painting at the Art Institute of Chicago. Currently, Sister Linelle is a candidate for an M.F.A. in Art Education at the Maryland Institute College of Art, which she has attended for three summers.

The photographs in this show were taken during the summer of 1969. Those of one group represent an interesting glimpse into the life of the Sisters at the Institute of Notre Dame in Baltimore. Another series studies the people who live in close proximity to Notre Dame.

Marianne Gellman was born in Baltimore in 1946. She attended Purdue University in Indiana and Pratt Institute in New York City. In June, 1969, Marianne was graduated with honors from the Maryland Institute College of Art with a B.F.A. in photography. She is currently doing graduate work in photography at the University of Iowa, where she is also a graduate teaching assistant. Miss Gellman is an accomplished musician and poet as well as a photographer.

Marianne did the photography for the Maryland Institute Graduate Brochure in 1969, and is currently exhibiting at the University of Iowa. The photographs she is showing at the Photoc Gallery are a series of introspective self-portraits.

5700 PRAK HEIGHTS AVE.

9:00pm to 12:30am

## ABBIE A COP?

"Brand X," written and directed by Wynn Chamberlain, is a full-length comedy about television, the advertising medium, and the Communication Trip in general. It stars Taylor Mead as a voyager who steps through the tube (!) into the Land of Television to appear in a day's programming, beginning with an exercise show and progressing from soap operas to a late-night sermonette, with consistent interruptions for commercials about such products as peanut butter and balling (two favorites of HARRY readers.) "Brand X" also stars our own favorite, Sally Kirkland (of "Coming Apart" fame,) Tally Brown, Candy Darling, Sam Shepard, Carlos Anduse, and Ultra Violet. Abbie Hoffman, believe it or not, impersonates a cop. Showings of the work print are being given to raise money for the Chicago Conspiracy defense fund.

Since Downey's film exploded in New York, Madison Avenue executives have reported 86% more chuckling in office corridors.



"Go see 'Putney Swope'. Tells it like it's never been told before." — Judith Crist

## "PUTNEY SWOPE"

The Truth and Soul Movie

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Jan 17 - HOOT  
24

Jan. 17 - HOOT  
24 - LORRAINE NELSON  
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13 - VILLA NOVA'S  
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Feb. 7 - VOS CANTU MONEMUS  
14 - GREGORY KIHN  
21 - HOOT  
28 - WARMTH



# FILM

## At Once So Marvelous and So Sordid...

All the *Loving Couples* is one of two recent essays by film-makers into a 'contemporary' and 'controversial' subject, wife-swapping, or 'swinging', if you will. The other film, *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* (reviewed last issue by Eliot Sirkin) is probably the more expected product of the Hollywood art, a coy film, not particularly good even as an example of its genre, the sexploitation-comedy, offering few laughs and even less nudity. *All the Loving Couples*, however, is much more uneven, and indeed, more ambiguous. The plot is simple, merely concerning the initiation of a couple into a group whose thing happens to be wife-swapping. The husband, a salesman who is a real 'mover' considers this as being his chance to get 'in' with the right people, and therefore a step upward in a business sense. His wife is unaware at first, of the nature of the party. When it does become painfully obvious, however, her reaction shows what seems to be the beginnings of a permanent change in attitude towards her husband. She feels bartered, and probably rightly so. Her cold acceptance of the situation, and even her later vengeful enthusiasm does not belie this fact.

This theme, of materialism and the callousness which it can produce is carried further by the insertion of satiric television commercials during crucial moments during the film. Some of these are wildly funny, both in content and in their juxtaposition with the rest of the film. For example, breaking in upon a scene which concerns the impotence of one of the male participants (the right-wing gun nut, quite appropriately) comes a commercial advertising hard-packed cigarettes ('it's not how hard you make it, it's how you make it hard.') Another commercial advertises 'Plotz' beer ('Remember... Plotz is Love spelled sideways!')

Another unusual technique, this one much less than funny, is the acting-out,

in fantasy sequences, the desires and hang-ups of each of the four male leads. Despite the ambiguity involved this segment held my interest throughout. My only quibble would be with its seeming pretentiousness which made it seem out of place considering the context. Compare, for example, this, and a similar segment in *Candy* and the use of related technique in a sense relevant to the text, in 8½.

By far, the most amusing episode in the entire film is a film within the film, a supposed stag film which is shown at the party to start things off. An obvious farce on *Bonny and Clyde* and descendants, *The Hillbilly Bank-Robbers*, is styled after early nickelodeon silents. It, by itself, is worth the price of admission, to say nothing of its kazoo and old-timey pianna soundtrack.

Strangely enough, the male characters in *Couples* are those who show the greatest depth and are consequently portrayed with greater sympathy by the actors (Paul Lambert, Norman Alden, Scott Graham, and Paul Comi.) The female parts (Gloria Monon, Barbara Blake, Lynn Cartwright, Jackie Russell) are often less credible. The reverse of this is generally true in a standard sexploitation film. Both actors and actresses are eventually defeated, as is the entire film, by the weakness of the dialog. It is the script, and not the acting, which at times brings the pace of the film to the point of noticeably faltering.

Let me level a final gripe at the slick Hollywood color which makes everything seem so garishly exaggerated that the monochrome of the 'stag film' is a positive relief. However, perhaps its very slickness is appropriate, since it has always reminded me, at least, of Suburbia, and flashy cars, and all those intrinsically American things which are at once so marvelous and so sordid.

# Art is Anything You Can Get Away With

by P. J. O'ROURKE

The Balinese say: *We have no art, we do every thing as well as we can.*

The capital A term, Art, is a word-form for a class of conflicting and often contradictory concepts whose only common ground is an attempt to formalize and objectify human expressionism. Expressionism refers to an apparently irrepressible human tendency to play with the elements of the environment in a manner which is of no earthly use. Of course, this play is of some use. It's just that, play: Practicing at altering the environment so that man is better able to make necessary alterations. On a more sophisticated level, expressionism can and does do other things. It brings active and passive joy by creating pleasing sights, sounds, smells and feelings. It extends empathy among men by expressing mythic subjective meanings. Expressionism facilitates joyful existence by encouraging helpful emotional states. It helps man endure his chaotic existence by showing him how to relate to chaos (Coltrane's *Om* album, etc.). (Since the making of LSD is expressionism, expressionism helps man endure his chaotic existence by showing him that there is no chaos.) Expressionism is a means by which the expresser comes to terms with the universe by creating his own practice universe.

But all that shit is neither an excuse nor a reason for expressionism. All that is simply fact about it. (And there are lots of other technical, sociological, psychological, anthropological, and philosophical facts about human expressionism.) I mean the phenomenon fucking exists. Like it, I don't like it, it's just there. And I think it's beautiful. I think everybody should run around expressing his ass off. But there are people who don't think expressionism is so beautiful. LBJ probably didn't think *MacBird* was too beautiful. The Girl Scouts of America definitely didn't think the pregnant scout poster was too beautiful. And people have been known to object rather strenuously to the burning of flags and draft cards.

Before I launch into a vitriolic denunciation of these people, I think that their position ought to be examined. Their position is essentially that expressionism must be controlled, as any potential human activity must be controlled. That these people tend to be great fans of control in general shouldn't be allowed to

obscure their point. I suppose that there is something to be feared in violence for "Art's" sake. The Theatre of Cruelty is an example. Hunting for sport is another. The Surrealists were known to have said that the ultimate Surrealist act would be to fire a pistol at random into a crowd. Garry Wills, in his excellent article in the November, 1969 issue of *Esquire*, examines this point at length. He notes that Hitler and Mussolini were mainly notable as virtuoso dramatists. But I believe I disagree with the control fans for the same reasons that most freaks do. We believe control should be internal, inter-personal and subjective. They believe that control should be external, impersonal, and objective. What little external control we could be made to agree with would involve real mayhem like murders and stomping, certainly not words and hopefully not property.

But the control fans don't feel that way. Their symbols and property are precious to them and they don't want us dragging their America in the mud with our unbridled expressionism. So they invent "Art." They didn't really invent "art." Control fans like them thousands of years ago invented "Art." Of course, this isn't a conscious plot. It'd be nice if it were. If it were, we'd just have to kick some ass and the thing would collapse. But "Art" is an unconscious, organic development of the control fan way of life. This makes it no less evil but all the harder to get rid of. "Art" is just one more of the conceptual pieces of shit that we're handed with mother's milk, like "sex is dirty," "wealth is virtue," or "my country right or wrong." It's the old "war is peace - freedom is slavery - ignorance is strength" routine.

"Art" works like this: First there's aesthetics. An aesthetic is some kind of guide-line by which we are supposed to be able to tell what's art and what ain't, as though human expression were subject to a litmus test. A sophisticated society allows for a bunch of seemingly conflicting aesthetics. This is a sophisticated society. But they all amount to the same thing: that some stuff shouldn't. Any good acid-head knows that everything should be viewed for its pure expressive quality. Even if no one made it, someone pointed

continues

## Mixed Media Group Presents "Under Milk Wood"

The formal lounge of the Community College of Baltimore (2901 Liberty Hts. Ave.) will be the scene Jan. 16, 17, 18 of a mixed-media production of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milkwood." The Mixed Media Group under producer Eugene Bronstein employs the talents of Janice Mazzaro of the Creative Arts Workshop, in Towson as director, and Deborah London, also of the Workshop, as choreographer. Film consultant for "Under Milkwood" is David Nottingham, chairman of the Humanities Department at Peabody Institute. A local film group, the Essene, should provide some unique additions.

The Group has two other shows in the planning stages. Before their production, Mr. Bronstein hopes to place his group in a permanent location. "This is the last time I will struggle under the handicaps afforded by a cafeteria. I want a room we can alter to our particular specifications - to create a total atmosphere. We hope to produce shows in cabaret setting on a regular weekly basis."

Meanwhile, tickets are on sale for \$2.25 and \$1.25 for students at Paraphernalia, The Clothes Horse, Sherman's and The Aquarian Age. Curtain time is 9:00pm on Jan. 16 and 17 and at 7:00pm on Jan. 18.

## Personal Encounter

Under the auspices of the Hopkin's Free University, I am currently registering people for two Basic Encounter Groups. In this intensive encounter group experience, we will focus on the here and now feelings, perceptions, and interactions of the group members - getting in touch with our environment, ourselves, and each other. We will use a variety of modes to explore creative and meaningful inter-human contact, experimenting with verbal and non-verbal communication, sensory and body awareness, fantasy, silence, and other modes. The aim of the group is to produce a growth experience for each participant and to explore his potential for self-awareness, openness, intimacy, trust, warmth, and joy. The group is not designed as a substitute for Psychotherapy.

Each group will meet for four two-hour sessions (one a week), plus a weekend retreat (Fri-Sun). There is a fee of \$22, plus approximately \$5 for lodging and food on the week-end retreat. Although the first group is already full, there are still openings in the second group. This group meets Monday nights starting January 19, the retreat to be held February 13-15. For information call Jeff Gordon - evenings 523-1365 weekends 523-1365



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## Art is...

it out. Everything is "Art." Failing that, I can see only two valid criterion for saying that something is "Art": I said so. You said so. Anyway, the control fans and their society go right ahead and decide what's "Art" and what isn't. As soon as they've decided that something isn't "Art" that it isn't a legitimate form of expression, they can feel free to say that there's no place for such goings-on in a decent society and we'd better mash that out quick, while all the time having poets read at inaugurations and pretending that the country is a regular hot-bed of "artistic expression."

Then, there's the co-op of expression. This is when the promo men, critics, museum directors, gallery owners, publishers, and other parasites of creativity gather to look over the crop of those things which have been permitted to be "Art." They select a very few of these and display them very prominently. Then they can say that the society just loves expression. Look at it, all over the place. Yes, sir. This does two things. It sets up the ground work for a system of elitism (or systems — justified by the various aesthetics) which, if effectively constructed, get as many people as possible involved in the art schools and the creative writing programs. These are under-paid rock groups fishing for a recording contract and the fifty actors at the open call for three parts. We don't want anyone to make any connection between all that pretty Acid Rock and the way they ought to be living so let's call it "Art" and write it up in *Time*. All these tourists were shuffling through the "Harlem on my

Mind" exhibit at the Metropolitan and eight blocks away was Harlem itself! David Peel was making messy scenes every weekend in Central Park and Washington Square. So what does the society do with him? They make him into an album. Of course, the control fans have never been very successful in isolating "Art" from life but every little bit helps.

It should be remembered that a sophisticated society allows (relatively) very radical forms of expression to be publically exhibited. This is a very sophisticated society. The society has learned that radical expression is much less dangerous in the museums. A well done "public exhibit" with lots of "publicity" makes an expression as private and isolated thing as it can be made. The American way: If you can't beat 'em, buy 'em.

I mean, what to do? Actually, freaks are doing pretty well. We have to keep constructing our own non-system of anti-promotion. We need more newspapers, magazines, comic books, movies, dope, demonstrations, YIP-ins, funny clothes, public fucking, goofs, put-ons, spectacular trials, music, wall painting, light shows, tattoos, hair, nakedness, perversion, tape recorders, kazooes, Woodstocks, draft card burnings, pie throwings, children, Frank Zappa, candy, Tarot decks, head shops, day glow paint, stink bombs, motorcycles, beads, bells, I Ching, Mareus, Incense, and all our other favorite forms of expression. Then we can only hope that the greedy control fans will buy a little more "Art" than they can swallow.

*Art is anything you can get away with.*

— Marshall McLuhan

## Many Are the Veils...

by BENNET HOFFMAN

Man today lives at a time that is most unique in the evolution of this planet. Having plumbed the depths of materialism, he casts his eyes once more to the heavens, the perennial source of his inspiration, and begins to seek his way back from whence he came. Like a stumbling child, bewildered by the myriad of colors and forms dancing before his eyes, each reaching towards him beckoning him to come closer, proudly proclaiming themselves the key to his innermost desire, his ultimate delight; man takes his first step, venturing forth into the unknown in quest of the Holy Grail.

This is the beginning of the conscious evolution of mankind. Throughout the ages there have been torchbearers, great prophets, who have pointed the way for man to follow, establishing the major religions of the ancient and modern worlds and arranging for the transmission of certain teachings throughout the ages. Yet over the long expanse of time their teachings have been distorted. The scriptures have been translated, amended, expounded upon, until there is now a fine web of confusion interlacing the truth and the fiction. The various priesthoods, no longer understanding the REAL function of their sacred rituals, have altered them; in a vain attempt to bolster their dwindling memberships, thus hindering the transmission of spiritual energies onto the physical plane. And the esoteric societies, so persecuted for their "Blasphemies" have been forced to conceal their teachings for so long, that even among them the truth is difficult to find.

Man is indeed in a sorry state. Living in worlds he doesn't believe exist, how can he expect to function properly? He doesn't even know what laws he lives under, and not understanding the effect of his EVERY ACTION on the molding of the future of the world, he continues to stumble about upsetting vital ecological cycles in the name of harmony, committing acts of violence in the name of peace, separating himself from the other beings comprising this world in the name of unity, and selfishly seeking his own ends in the name of charity. Ever amazed at his own suffering, he continues externalizing, rationalizing, and excusing his own shortcomings. The absurdities of our situation abound about us, one has only to open his eyes and see for himself.

We live in a waking sleep — walking, talking, working, going about our daily affairs with little more consciousness than a stone. How do we open our eyes? Do we stand on our heads for twenty min-

utes? Intone the sacred syllable OM, chant *Hare Krishna*? Are we to pore through volume after volume of esoteric literature extracting the common thread of truth? Do we spend our life in a selfless service, or in endless adoration of the One God? Do we search for our Guru and prostrate ourselves before him? We can't do them all, yet we can't seem to find the right one; such is the illusion of the quest. There are many, many paths — as many as there are people searching. Yet locked deep within the essence of our being, awaiting the proper turn of the proper key, is this thing, this state we refer to as Truth. NO ONE can unlock the Truth for us, and more than one key will probably fit, for many are the ways. But until we make the effort to put the key in the lock and turn it, they are all just so many golden bangles hanging from our belt.

In the following issues, we shall be discussing the many ways offered us, presenting, one by one, their basic teachings, related readings, and hopefully — where to go in the area to find out more about it. Read them carefully, and when something strikes a chord inside you, follow it up. Remember, we are each to seek our own path, and all that any teacher or any book can do is to serve as the key to our own treasure, the one we all share — together.

### Recommended readings:

Alder, V.S.: *The Finding of the Third Eye*.  
Blavatsky, H.P.B.: *The Secret Doctrine*.  
Codd, C.: *The Ageless Wisdom of Life*.

Ouspensky, P.D.: *A New Model of the Universe*.  
Schure, D.: *The Great Initiates*.  
Vivekananda: *The Yogas*.

## SOUND

by LEN BRADFORD

Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* was first performed in 1962 to celebrate the consecration of the rebuilt St. Michael's Cathedral in Coventry, England, which had been destroyed by German bombs during the Battle for Britain in World War II. This work, however, combines the traditional Catholic *Missa pro defunctis*, the Mass for the Dead, or Requiem Mass, which has become the predominant choral form for all composers since Mozart, with the moving poetry of Wilfred Owen, an English soldier — poet who was killed in W. W. II, at the age of 25, one week before the armistice. The *War Requiem* therefore, becomes a requiem for the dead of all wars, a requiem for the promise and hope of mankind destroyed on the cross of warfare. No statement could better express the outrage of war than the contrast between the religious hopes for mankind's salvation represented in the Mass and Owen's growing horror and premonition of death.

The performance on Dec. 11 by the Baltimore Symphony Chorus, the Peabody Chorus, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary Boys' Choir was particularly outstanding. I continue to be impressed by the growing power of the Baltimore Symphony, and the difficult union between chorus and orchestra was achieved with balance and control.

*War Requiem*, Op. 66 (1962)

Vishnerskaya, Pears, Fischer-Dieskau, Britten

Sym. & Cho. (E.L.) 2-Lon-

Richard Beer fell, or was blown off a speeding Pennsy Passenger train the day before Christmas. He was chasing Sergeant Pepper, his pet rooster and soon-to-be communal alarm clock. He had already celebrated this Christmas though, and his head was where he was into Christmas every day of the year. For the last few years, he and David, the other half of *Andarine*, had bummed and busked and lived wherever the ministrals blew them and their music took them.

Richard is now a stoned spirit-head, and he's still buzzing around. Richard's where it's at, and his good vibes will continue to turn people on like his music did.

Here, an experiment in sensory bombardment, will be presented at the Corner Theatre, 853 N. Howard St., beginning about March 9. Tryouts will be held on Tuesday, January 13 at 7:00pm. There are 36 openings for acting participants. Those interested in technical or other aspects of theatre are also invited to attend. Participating in a production of this type should prove to be a rewarding experience since it provides the participant with an opportunity to communicate both verbally and non-verbally. Any additional information may be obtained by calling Dick Flax during normal business hours at 825-2700 or at the Theatre, 728-4707. Corner Theatre 853 North Howard Street Baltimore, Maryland 21201 728-4707

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# HIGHER SCIENCE

## HOUSE CALL

(Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.)

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

The Dec. 1969 issue of Scientific American, in a "Marijuana" article by Lester Grinspoon, notes that there is considerable evidence that the drug is a "comparatively mild intoxicant" and that "its current notoriety raises interesting questions about the motivation of those who use it and those who seek to punish them." Although the article is clinical in nature, its tone is almost pro-grass and, at times, seems to ridicule its prohibition.

Citing the ultra-emotional bias toward grass throughout the United States, Grinspoon suggests that this is due, at least in part, to an "educational campaign" launched in the 1930's by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics (later renamed the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs) and that this campaign has been responsible for much distortion of fact and misinformation about cannabis drugs. He lists social prejudice and widespread reverence for the Puritan ethic as other causes....and points out that alcohol, though not always condoned, is accepted "because it lubricates the wheels of commerce and catalyzes social intercourse." He maintains that more than a little alarm about marijuana comes from an older generation to whom the weed symbolizes the alienation of the young and that much of the white population unconsciously regards marijuana as a non-white drug that is encroaching on the white community...the line of thought being that until recently the smoking of grass was thought to be practiced mostly among Mexican-American, Blacks, and Puerto Ricans. In this light, it is interesting to note that the laws of the Southern states carry the most severe penalties for the users and/or distributors of marijuana.

A world wide survey conducted in 1950 estimated that a probable 200 million persons used marijuana throughout the globe: mostly in Asia and Africa. Napoleon's soldiers, returning large quantities of marijuana into Europe around 1800. The first major usage of cannabis in the U.S. began around 1920.

Grinspoon notes that there is a great deal of evidence indicating that marijuana is not an addictive drug. He points out 50% of heroin users had indulged in marijuana but that most of the junkies had also been users of alcohol and tobacco and adds, "There is no evidence that marijuana is more likely than alcohol or tobacco to lead to the use of narcotics."

Lysergic Acid Diethylamide was first synthesized in the laboratory in 1938, and in the early forties its psychotomimetic, or psychedelic, properties began to be understood. Known as LSD-25, it remained around for some time as a research drug of minor importance. Serious research began in this country in the late 1950's, and then in the early and mid sixties it became part of "the scene," introduced and demonstrated and crusaded for by Timothy Leary, Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, and a number of others. Since that time, interest and use of the drug has been growing wildly.

In the early years excitement and controversy swirled about the effects of the drug: what does it do? can it really help us to live better lives? how dangerous is it, and in what ways? should it be used only for "mind-expansion," or also just for kicks? and can it play a part in the treatment of mental and emotional problems? Many of these questions, thanks to public hysteria, and to the conservatism of federal and state drug bureaus and most of the medical profession, remain unanswered.

But in the past couple of years a new question has to be answered. You stand

there with a tablet in your hand, and you wonder: What the hell am I taking?

It is fairly common knowledge that most of the acid around has been cut with Methedrine, or speed. Because people like it that way? No, because it is cheaper to make and can be sold for a bigger profit. The days of religion and psychedelic fervor are over - acid has become a money game.

Speed in acid may leave your mind rather frazzled; it puts a raw edge on a trip, and can even turn it into a paranoid nightmare. But a single dose, unless it is very large or the user has a health problem, is not likely to be physically dangerous.

Speed is paranoid. That's bad enough - paranoia is no one's idea of fun. But try on some other drugs for size: how do you like the idea of taking strychnine, ergot preparations, nitroglycerine, or belladonna alkaloids with your acid? All these and more have been showing up lately. Any of these drugs in tiny doses can give you a buzz. And all of these drugs, if taken in more than tiny doses, can kill you. Eight people were taken to the hospital from last summer's A-C Rock Festival after taking "Purple Peace Pills"; they were treated for strychnine poisoning. A recent death in New York was thought to be caused by an overdose of belladonna, and several unexplained deaths have occurred after taking tablets of acid mixed with God-knows-what. Some of the unexplained deaths have been listed in police files and in the newspapers as "LSD overdose." But our present state of knowledge makes this unlikely: AS FAR AS MEDICAL SCIENCE KNOWS, THERE IS NO TOXIC DOSE OF LSD. People have taken enormous amounts, as much as several thousand micrograms; I'm not sure what it has done to their minds, but it has not poisoned them physically. In my opinion, it seems fairly certain that the deaths occurred as a result of other chemicals which were mixed in with the acid.

Many letters have come into this column asking about the effects of different kinds of acid - Strawberry Acid, Orange Acid, Strawberry Fields, Purple Peace Pills, Chocolate Chewies. Let me make one thing very clear: THERE ARE NO DIFFERENT KINDS OF ACID. There is only pure Lysergic Acid Diethylamide, or LSD. All the "kinds" of acid are LSD mixed with something else, and you have no way of knowing what the something else is.

How did a scene that was supposed to be aimed at beauty and love, that set out to "turn on the world," turn into a poison trip? The answer again begins with money. And not small stuff - acid has grown to be Big Money. And the combination of Big Money and illegality inevitably brings in the underworld, the mobs.

It seems that three combinations are necessary before the underworld moves in on any drug scene. First, it must be illegal to use the drug on your own, without a doctor's word. Secondly, the drug must not be available through legitimate manufacturers. And third, there must be a reasonably large demand. All of these conditions prevailed during the liquor prohibition of the twenties, and they still exist with regard to heroin. And all of these apply to LSD.

It is not hard to see how this has happened: public hysteria, the self-perpetuating bureaucracy of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, fear of the unknown on the part

of almost everyone, the normal reaction of the establishment to anything which threatens not to fit into the system, loss of nerve in the medical profession... I could go on, but there's no point. Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, the small but growing company which has been producing the LSD used in research, felt it necessary at the height of the hysteria to halt production of the drug. Shortly afterwards, it became nearly impossible to get grants or permission from the federal agencies to do research with it, and the acid still in the laboratories was impounded. The federal and state narcotics bureaus swung in to action, and soon the sale, use, or possession of the drug became illegal, EVEN FOR DOCTORS. The medical profession, as usual, drifted with the tide of conservative opinion and failed to take a stand.

This left the amateur home producers, a few of whom, like Owsley, were operating on a large scale. They would begin with lysergic acid, a common enough chemical, and would cook it up by a process simple enough for any well-trained chemist. Most of these people did not want any large profit for their efforts; they were part of the movement.

This too had to be stopped, and suddenly there was no way of getting lysergic acid. It is still unobtainable today, and the white rabbits have been driven out of business.

We've seen it all too clearly with alcohol: a period of prohibition produces underworld control. And the mobs are without ideals or scruples, the mobs are part of no movement, the mobs exist to make money, Big Money. They have learned that small doses of poison can produce a high, and that a little bit of acid combined with the poison goes a long way. Enough acid to produce three trips might produce ten trips with belladonna added to it, and so the profit on the acid is three times as high. And if a few people get sick or die from belladonna poisoning, can we really expect the Mafia to be very upset about it? The mobs are in the habit of cutting drugs; as any addict will tell you, heroin has been cut with quinine for years. Recently several addicts have died from heroin cut with strychnine. If the mobs will take chances with addicts, then why not with hippies, heads, and other users? Their money is good too.

Everything connected with acid is illegal now. Getting around this requires money, organization, and connections, things the mobs have never been short on. If lysergic acid can be gotten only from Mexico, or Central America, or Southern Europe, who is better connected to get it in large quantities? From there they produce the LSD, mix it with their poisons, press it into tablets, and it is ready for the market. At a neat profit.

And so the acid scene is flooded with poison. Some of the acid is still pure, but this is awfully hard to depend on.

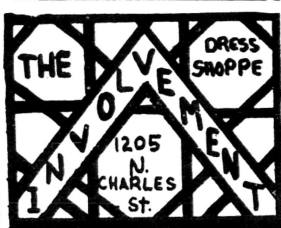
Poisons in small doses produce a high. But what is a small dose for one person may be a toxic or fatal dose for someone else. Also many people are in the habit of dropping two or three tablets at the same time. It is uncertain what extra doses of acid do to the mind, but they don't cause poisoning. However, extra doses of strychnine, belladonna, atropine, and ergot derivatives are very often toxic.

Pure acid is an extremely potent drug with unpredictable effects, some of which are decidedly bummers or even psychologically dangerous. But cut acid could well be a one-way trip.

### Gulliver's Books

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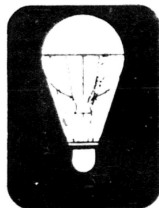
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The following interview with Bob Dylan was conducted by Paul Krassner of the *Realist* and published in the *East Village Other*.

Paul Krassner: I'm not sure what to say... I feel as if I was about to suck off an elephant or something. What's a good interview question?

Bob Dylan: Well, they usually start off with my health and then ask questions about that until they're tired, and then they go home. They seem to get tired faster lately. I don't know — maybe they're worried about their health... because there's a lot of it going around lately... a lot of health. Most of it bad.

Their mental health?

Well, you know, they're connected. Your health and mine are too, during this interview at least. I don't know about afterward, but during this interview your mind affects... my body.

Why not the other way around — your mind and my body?

I don't know, man, I just didn't think it was important... now if we were in love or something...

(Laughter) Yeah, I can imagine the children.

There wouldn't have to be any children, unless you're a Catholic or something... unless you believe in something and you don't, do you? Believe in something?

Oh, I suppose everybody has to believe in something. I'm not a Catholic though... just the opposite. I burn crucifixes in Italian neighborhoods every Easter.

Just the opposite — what does the opposite of a Catholic believe in? You said everybody had to believe in something, what makes you the opposite of a Catholic?

Burning crucifixes. And Lenny Bruce. You know, this is strange... people don't put me on very often. It's usually the other way around.

Well, if you'd just let whichever end's in front come in first... you keep trying to change the ends around. I'm not putting you on really.

Well, then, what are you doing, really? I'm not doing anything... I'm just making a joke. You don't mind if I make a joke, do you?

No, but if the person you're talking to isn't part of the joke, it's a put-on.

Y'know, Paul, I just make the jokes. If you don't want to be part of it, that's up to you. I want you to be part of it, I want to include everybody in everything I'm doing. Besides, maybe the tape recorder understands it. Maybe the people who read this will think it's funny. You don't know.

Do you expect people to understand your songs, or are you putting the people who buy your records on?

Do you understand them; I mean, let's turn it around...

Ah ha!

You shouldn't interrupt.

But you were turning what I said around.

Still, you shouldn't interrupt.

I think I understand your songs as well as you understand my writings... I mean, there are always private jokes.

I don't care about your fucking writings, man, I don't read writings! Writings interrupt people — they interrupt people's natural thoughts and make them stupid. I sing and study karate and don't have time to read.

The man who wrote "Blowing in the Wind" studies karate — wow! Why?

Why what? Study karate? Because I don't like to have people interrupt my thoughts. If you don't read, you got to remember a long time before your thoughts. You can't interrupt a writer — he's always used up whatever he was thinking about anyway, but if you interrupt a song, you kill it. Some people go to concerts just to cough. Some hang around TB wards, when they got a dead-line or something...

I heard a tape of an interview you did with Pete Seeger where you said you'd written a bunch of song the night before, but you'd lost the paper you'd written

DYLAN



KRASSNER

## WILL THE REAL BOBBY ZIMMERMAN PLEASE STAND UP

them on and couldn't remember how they went. — you must have been a writer at one time. Why did you stop writing?

I never heard that tape, man. I once had an interviewer who asked me all about a Peter, Paul and Mary record jacket I'd written. I never read any of their liner notes, man, or any Roy Acuff liner notes either. That tape isn't important to me. And I never drink milk.

What? (laughter) You're an incredible mother-fucker, you know? Incredible! I don't believe you.

You don't really? I feel like the Thin Man...

Well, you got to do your own feeling. Keep that in mind when you go to bed at night, and you won't fall off the top bunk getting a drink of water. Everybody has to feel for themselves.

In Don't Look Back you have your manager with you, and there is a scene where he and some other businessman are working out a deal, very tense, a financial chess game. How do you get along with businessmen?

Oh, I get along fine with business men — they don't go around trying to get put down. Hippies are always trying to slip their beards in a revolving door just before you push it, but businessmen got a certain thing they want from you. That's all they want, and it's very clean and honest. Yeah, I get along fine with businessmen.

How are they to work with compared to radicals — you used to spend time a-

round the Movement scene, SNCC and Broadside.

Well, they want something too, but they want a bigger piece. They were a lot just like Albert (Grossman, Dylan's manager) but they weren't so modest. Albert is really very modest — I imagine H.L. Hunt is very modest too, when he's talking about oil wells. Money limits greed, otherwise it extends to everything.

That's a curious idea — money saves us from greed. I'd always...

Thought it was the other way around.

You don't ride a motorcycle, do you?

No, I don't even drive.

You try changing which end of a motorcycle is front and which is back at sixty miles an hour and you got to type with your toes for a year.

You're stretching a little... sometimes it must be a little hard to be Bob Dylan.

Not really — Bob Dylan stretches a little. He's made out of crepe paper and neon and there are all those Jews trying to grab a piece.

That sounds anti-semitic to me.

I'm a Jew. You're a Jew. So's Albert. And Irwin Silber. So are the Beatles, but nobody knows it. The thing about Jews isn't that they grab — everybody does — it's that they grab. Most of the really modest people in the world are Jews, except for Jewish musicians who aren't really modest or really Jews either.

Would you say they were Calvinists?

What's that? (laughter)

Oh... Presbyterians. (laughter)

No. I don't know too many Presbyterian musicians. Maybe Charlie Pride is Presbyterian, but I don't think so. (laughter)

Your songs seem to have become less personal somehow — on something like "Corinna Corinna" or "One Too Many Mornings" I was always conscious of the personality of the singer, but on "Lay, Lady Lay" I just hear the song. You don't change inflection much in any given song.

Well, yeah.

Is that all you have to say?

Yeah.

You don't like being interviewed, do you?

Well, I don't mind, actually, it's recreational. But it's not like playing music — do you play or sing or anything?

I just make love. And write some things, but sometimes when I'm in bed with a woman, it's very musical. Do you think of sex as musical?

Not really — sex is more like words, but you have to be a musician to appreciate that. You scheme and plot a thousand times as much with a woman you really love than a song — even if you hate the song. I bet you first said that thing about music to a woman, right?

I guess so, but because it was true...

But it's only true because you aren't a musician. If you were, it would be different. It's like a eunuch comparing intrigue to love — it's true, but what he's thinking still isn't the way it is.

I feel like I used to feel before I'd taken acid, there's this big secret that I don't know and everybody says I can't understand how important it is...

Yeah, but acid isn't like anything else, so it's useless — it's inapplicable. Music goes every where.

Even into a cunt?

If that's where you want to put it, that's where it will go. There are songs about death and whiskey and whores and even politics, though some of those aren't real songs. Some of them are, "Payday on Cold Creek" and "Satisfaction" are songs about politics.

Is "Wicked Messenger" about when you were involved in politics?

No, it's about stupid fucking Jews I have known. The really stupid ones, stupid in a way that you couldn't see in a million years... really dumb! Hey, you're starting to affect my body, you know that?

You're right, they're connected.

It's all right though, I can afford a doctor, and you can afford a doctor.

Or an abortionist...

Or an abortionist.

Speaking of afford, what do you do with the money you make from records and concerts?

I really don't know. Some of it goes in

the bank and some of it just goes. I don't ever really count it.

Did you ever think of doing something strange with it — like putting up a billboard saying "Radium gives your baby strong bones" or even "Whaaaat?"

What for?

Maybe it would change something.

Naaaw — I do all that stuff in my songs, and what does that change?

The shape of American society — the lives of millions of kids.

As long as you can connect what millions of people are doing to a song, the song hasn't gotten really across.

Which song?

Any song. You can't live a song or a billboard. It doesn't give anything but itself — it's a finger pointing, not a place to live in.

Don't you feel your music implies a responsibility?

But my songs don't take any responsibility — they don't care what people do with them. How can I? You write a song about one thing, and it does another, and so you write a song about what happened, and you don't know what that's going to do.

So you don't advise people to trust your music?

I don't advise people. To trust. Music or books. Or anything.

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# Record Review



THE GREAT WHITE WONDER  
by ART LEVINE

"Pssst!"

It was a foggy night, and I turned around, startled and shaken. There, leering as he twirled his long mustache, was a thin, sleazy man dressed in a dark raincoat, with the brim of his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Leesteen, meeester," he continued as he glanced around carefully, "want to have some fun? Eh?"

Naturally, my All-American, red-blooded curiosity was aroused. Feigning nonchalance, I asked, "So whattaya got?"

Peering over his shoulder, he leaned forward, and quickly opened up his raincoat. Inside, attached to the lining, were four white albums. He grinned slightly, and said, "Eets ze new underground Deeleen album, Not bad, eh?"

I reeled back in shock. Was this it? Could this really be the fabled bootlegged album that I had heard so much about? My throat dried up, and trembling with excitement, I asked, "How much?"

He rubbed his hands gleefully, and said, "Twelve dollars." "Well," I rationalized, "It is two records, so what the hell, I'll pay it." As soon as I had the album in my hand, I headed for home, breathless with anticipation...

The underground Dylan album, unofficially called *The Great White Wonder*, is worth purchasing if you really are a Dylan freak. Otherwise, it's actually not worth it.

Since I think Dylan is the most important modern song writer, if only for single-handedly bringing poetry into lyrics, this album is of at least historical interest, if nothing more. The album, according to Robbie Robertson of the Band, is a dub of a dub of a dub, ad infinitum, and is of extremely poor recorded quality.

The album consists of basically two parts: Dylan in his early folk, Woody Guthrie, imitative stage, and Dylan in his post-accident stage with the Band. The first group of songs was recorded in 1962 in a hotel in Minneapolis, and the second group was recorded in the basement of Big Pink.

The folk songs don't have too much original material, but rather, are a young Dylan trying out his stuff, the songs he picked up off records. His voice is harsh and nasal, and his versions of black bluesmen's masterpieces, like "Candy Man," and "Baby Please Don't Go," are interesting, and do have some power. He has a

# DYLAN

few "I-been-a-ramblin'" type songs, and the influence of Guthrie here is of course overwhelming. The most fascinating parts of the folk material are Dylan's attempts to sound like a Woody Guthrie reminiscence for the Library of Congress. He has a number of raps in that early, mumbling, affected voice of his. In one of them, Pete Seeger is asking him about how he writes his songs, and Dylan responds, mystically, "It's just there in my heart. I don't even consider what I do as writin' songs; it's there before I came along, and I just take it down with a pencil." But still, if I sound as if I'm slighting his folk material, most of the songs are folk classics, like "See that my grave is kept clean," and others, and they are, very simply, quite beautiful. He has two other little conversational bits on the album, one a vain comment to a friend, "Ya oughta see pictures of me. I look like Marlon Brando and James Dean." The other is a shaggy-dog story about a club he played in East Orange, New Jersey. He goes through a whole routine about this club where everybody played chess; he talks in a fast, nervous voice, and it is so screamingly unfunny that it becomes embarrassing. In fact, after going through this bit, and no one had laughed, he mutters quickly, "Well, folks, that's a story about East Orange, New Jersey."

The best part of the album, though, is hearing Dylan performing songs we've heard others, from the Band to Peter, Paul, and Mary to Manfred Man, perform. Among other songs we've heard perform-



ed before include, "Too much of nothing," "Tears of Rage," "Wheels on Fire," "Mighty Quinn," and "I Shall Be Released." To hear Dylan do these songs is indeed quite moving, because Dylan, as the writer of the songs, is usually the best

tim buckley



Blue Afternoon (STRAIGHT 1025)

by ALLAN DALE III

Small, really diminutive, almost not really there, swaying gently, now practically frenetically, not even furiously, close to coming, the climax building to a seemingly never quite attainable pitch, Tim Buckley - little Timmy, the gentle man-boy from Philadelphia, the lover/brother of this turned on but incredibly confused generation, spins his magic web of song and image... weaving his body through the contortions of a sensualist jester in a paranoid's world - thrust, parry, dodge, twist, strum, bang, frail, bend, wail, and just pull it all together... that's Tim Buckley and the really strange thing about it is that you can pick up all of this visual shit from the record. *Blue Afternoon* is not only the first Tim Buckley record since he went Straight (in the wake of a string of smash mothers on Elektra) but it is also his finest album to date. This LP is the loosest, most relaxed, most unhung-up, most real, most super-together Tim Buckley record ever.

interpreter of them. Dylan brings a feeling and a power to these songs that no one else can bring. His voice does not have the smoothness yet of his *Nashville Skyline* recordings, but more like his voice on *John Wesley Harding*. Of the songs that we knew previously that Dylan does on this album, the best performed is probably "Wheels on Fire." The Band backs him up, and they lend their incredible voices to Dylan's in the chorus of the song, and if you don't get at least a little choked up, then there is something seriously wrong with you. Dylan's voice is aching with sadness on this song, and Robertson plays a high-pitched, eerie organ that gives the song added poignance.

There are some songs on this album that haven't been recorded by anyone, and they are of various styles. One song, "Nothing was Delivered," is a song that Dylan uses a funky blues piano on, and he spills his soul to us about something, but I'm not quite sure what. This song, and "Open the Door, Richard," are lyrically complex in their own way, and like many of his other songs, deserve your full attention, not least because the words are muffled and indistinct.

The other songs that are unfamiliar are in the *Subterranean Homesick Blues* tradition, and the Bob Dylan's 115th Dream tradition. In other words, they are fast, funny, jumbled, and seemingly non-sensical. Some of the other songs are just sexy, as in one where he sings to a girl he's trying to make it with, "I don't want anything you never gave before."

This album, simply because it's by Dylan, is worth having. The problem is, of course, where to buy it, because it's illegal, and Columbia is trying to trace down the guys who stole these tapes and released the record. It is available in the Baltimore area for ten to thirteen dollars. Just ask around and you'll find out which stores are selling it.

Otherwise, wait for a foggy night, and if you see a shifty looking character sneaking around in a dark raincoat, you'll know that's the man. On second thought, you better not approach him. It could be a nare.

To put it as simply as possible, this is the best Tim Buckley record ever. Those (and though it's sometimes difficult to comprehend, there are some) who don't dig to listen to Tim Buckley... or haven't, so far, dug to listen to Tim Buckley, should bend on a set of headphones (or jam their heads between some good speakers) and give *Blue Afternoon* a really close listen. It's fantastic.

The first of it hits you from the voice... that completely incredible voice that rises and falls within an eighth note or wavers back and forth like a snake charmer with his quarter tones. It is called a counter tenor but that is where all relevance to anything else on this earth stops. Beyond that point Tim Buckley's voice is completely unlike anything else ever heard on this earth or in this existence. It is far beyond any comparison and must be heard to be understood, or even believed.

Getting into the album, Side 2 is considerably more exciting than Side 1. Tunes like: "So Lonely," and "Cafe" set the pace for "The Train" which is that much more powerful through a transition entitled "Blue Monday." The other side boasts "Chase the Blues Away" and "I Must Have Been Blind" as it's stronger tracks. "Happy Time" and "The River" round out the set.

The album is filled with photos of Tim, if that's what you're into... they're good, though different from those on "Hello Goodbye" and were taken by both John Williams and the great Frank Bez.



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Jan. 14 - Dr. S. Graf on 'LSD & the Mystic Experience' at 8 pm  
ASTROLOGY CLUB - Forming. First meeting Jan. 16 at 8 pm at Aquarian Age bookstore.  
LECTURE - 'Reincarnation' Wed. Jan. 14 at Towson Presbyterian Church at 8 pm., by Dr. Herbert Puryear of A.R.E. in Va. Beach, Va. FREE  
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GI Organizing Meeting - 1st and 3rd Wed. 2912 North Calvert, 8pm  
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## TUESDAY, JANUARY 13

Phila. Symphony Orchestra - Claudio Abbado, Cond. - Lyric Theater

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14

Lecture - Recital - "Diabelli Variations" Konrad Wolff at Peabody Concert Hall Noon  
"Light" - at Mardi Gras Supper Club, 6810 Hartford Road. 9:00pm

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 15

"M, M, Recital - at Peabody North Hall 5:00pm  
"Light" - see Jan. 14  
Senior Recital featuring Gloria Harvey, pianist, at Morgan Christian Center 7:30  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 16

"Bob White" - at Seed of Discovery, 236 E. 25th St. 8:30pm  
"Roger Sherman" - at Son of Coffee Candlelight Concert - The Peabody Chorus, Gregg Smith, cond. Peabody Cons. "Ames Oaks" - at Bluesette 2439 North Charles St. 8:30pm  
"Light" - see Jan. 14  
"Aux" - at Ball & Chain, 2120 Maryland Ave. 8:00pm  
"Port City" - at Dark Corner, 3610 South Hanover St (near Patapco Ave.

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 17

"Hoot" - at Ozymandian Ruins (J.C.C.) 5700 Park Hts. Ave 8:00pm  
Bach Society of Balto. Series - Joseph Stephens, harpsichordist, Goucher College Lecture Hall 8:30pm  
"Bob White" - see Jan. 16  
"Meat" - at Bluesette, see Jan. 16  
"Light" - see Jan. 14  
"Jonathon Pearthree" - at the Sanity Inn, St. Bartholomew Church, 4711 Edmondson Ave. 8:30pm  
"Ames Oaks" - at Ball and Chain, see Jan. 16  
"Aux" at Dark Corner, see Jan. 16

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 18

"Fred Waring" - at Lyric Theater 8:30pm  
"Jam Session" - at Bluesette, see Jan. 16  
"Light" - see Jan. 14

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PARAMOUNT - "Midnight Cowboy" 426-6875  
PIKES - "Viva Max" 486-5848  
Jan. 14 - "Marry Me, Marry Me"  
PLAYHOUSE - "Putney Swope" 235-0430  
REISTERSTOWN PLAZA - "Cactus Flower" 358-6565  
TOWER - "John And Mary" 539-3434  
TOWN - "Paint Your Wagon" 539-2294

## humanoid

Jan. 21 thru Feb. 21 - "The Tempest" by Shakespeare at Center Stage-685-5020  
Jan. 9 thru Feb. 1 - "My Three Angels" by Sam and Bella Spewack at Spotlighters Theatre-817 St. Paul St.  
Jan. 15, 16, 17 - "Watchpit" at Corner Theater Cafe-728-4707  
Jan. 23, 24 and 30 31 and Feb. 6, 7 - "Carniveri" by Richard Gillespie at Corner Theater Cafe-728-4707  
Jan. 16, 17, 18 - "Under Milkwood" by Dylan Thomas presented by Mixed Media Group at C.C.B. Cafeteria Ticket, \$1.25 students, \$2.25 guests.

